




RICHARD B WRAY
620 HILLBORN AVENUE
SWARTHMORE PA 19081)

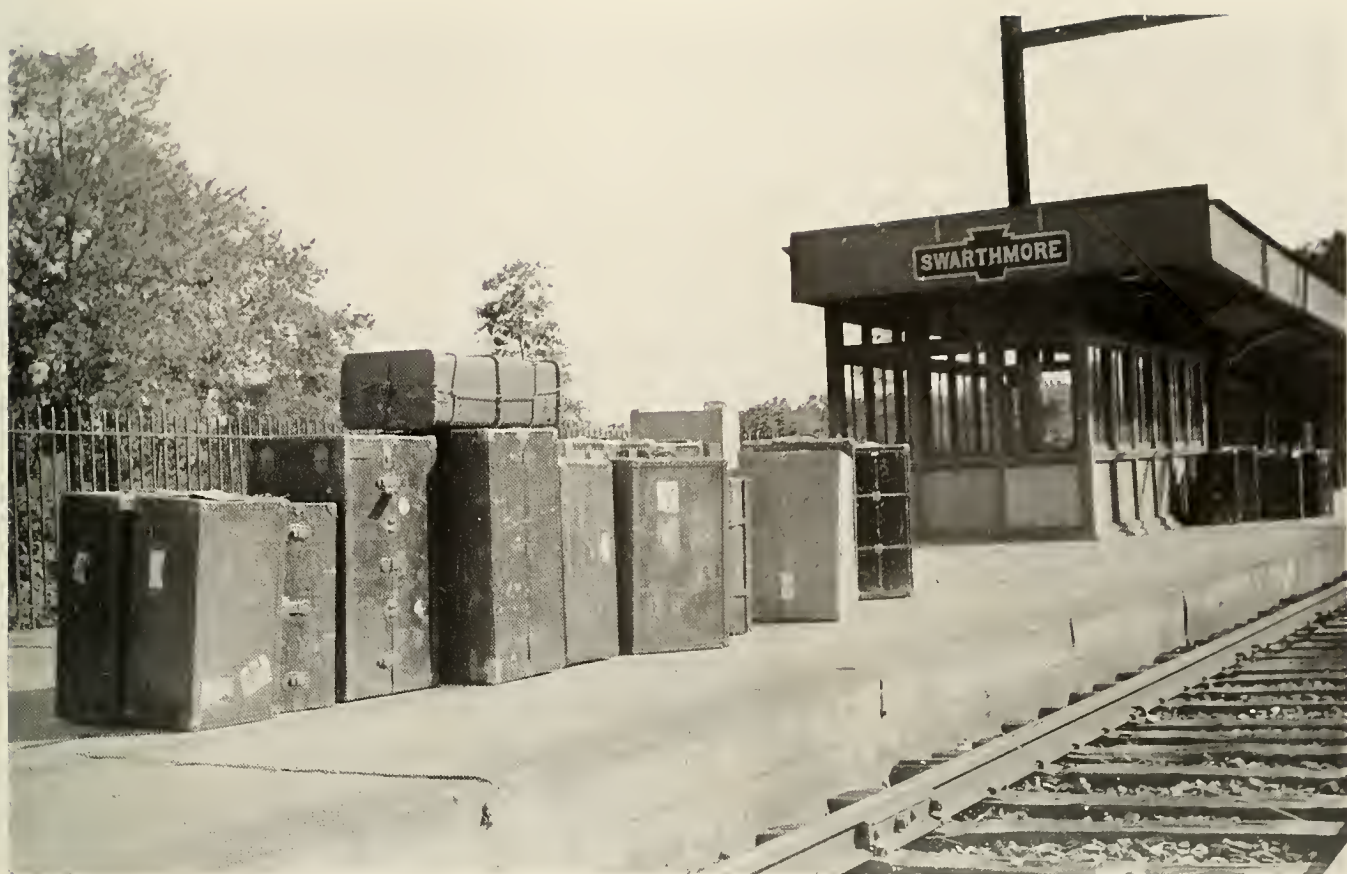


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The 1937

H A L C Y O N





The 1937



*THIS IS THE 1957 HALCYON OF
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE, SWARTH-
MORE, PENNSYLVANIA; WRITTEN AND
EDITED BY THE CLASS OF 1957.*

HALCYON

INTRODUCTION



THE 1957 HALCYON has attempted to follow the engaging informality of the 1956 edition and at the same time to recapture the finished workmanship of the 1955 annual. This year's HALCYON is especially proud of the informality of the faculty section and the uniqueness of the junior section. Great emphasis has been placed upon photography, and we wish to take this opportunity to congratulate Oliver Pearson, '57, and Ralph Fisher, '59, for their fine work along this line. When better professors are caught in more characteristic poses, one of these two will be lurking somewhere in the class room.

*T*HE 1957 HALCYON is dedicated to EVERETT L. HUNT, M.A., who was Acting-Dean of Men, 1952-55, and was responsible for the entrance of the mighty Class of '57. Great talker, tea drinker, scholar, and swell fellow, lie got us together so on him we place the responsibility for our mistakes and successes.



D E D I C A T I O N



BOARD OF MANAGERS

ADMINISTRATION



FRANCES B. BLANSHARD
Dean of Women

IF THE intellectual life means anything at all, it means never-ending opposition to charlatanism. Charlatanism is not only inimical to it, it is complete and total negation of it. "Saint-Beuve relates," says Arnold, "that Napoleon once said, when somebody was spoken of in his presence as a charlatan: 'Charlatan as much as you please; but where is there not charlatanism?' 'Yes!' answers Saint-Beuve, 'in politics, in the art of governing mankind, that is perhaps true. But in the order of thought, in art, the glory, the eternal honour is that charlatanism shall find no entrance; herein lies the inviolableness of that noble portion of man's being'."

It may be that we shall find one day that charlatanism is not all a good in practical life, that it is worth while to have our clothing all wool as well as prominently advertised, our food pure as well as packed in fancy boxes. If we ever learn that, we shall probably learn it when our universities learn it, when they acquire more respect for thoroughness, when they promise less and perform more, when we teach our students the difference between really knowing a thing and half knowing it, when we distinguish between shoddy work in the intellectual sphere and sound.

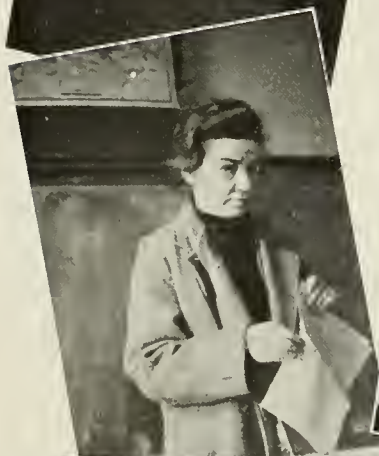
¹ From "The Religion of Punch" published by President Aydelotte in the *Nation*, May 16, 1915



HAROLD E. B. SPEIGHT
Dean of Men



FRANK AYDELOTTE, *President*



MANNING; R. C. BROOKS; DRESDEN; GODDARD.

BLANSHARD; NEWPORT.

PHILLIPS; MAC LEOD.

CREIGHTON; WILCOX.

Faculty

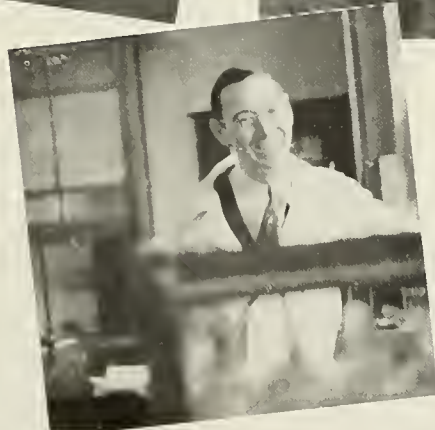


LOUCKS; E. WRIGHT; BAER; FERNON.

REUNING; GAEDE; SPILLER.

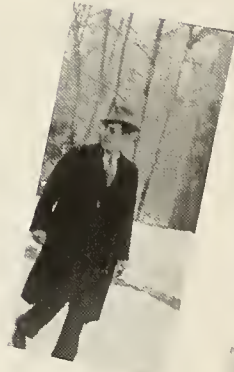
NASON; JENKINS.

IRIBAS; A. M. BROOKS.



LILLY; BEACH; TORREY; BOURDELAIS.
HICKS; HOLMES; HUNT; MANDELBAUM.
HOOT; MALIN; ANDERSON; MILLER.
ENDERS; KEIGHTON.

Faculty



KLEES; HULL; SHERO; FOSTER.

SCHOENBERG; FAIRBANKS; PENNOCK; FRASER; MC CRUMIN.

CARPENTER; ALBERTSON; WENCELIUS.

GARRETT; BRUN.

FIRST SEMESTER OFFICERS



LYONS, GARRISON, TAYLOR, HENDERSON



S E N I O R S



SECOND SEMESTER OFFICERS

OEHMANN

PATTERSON



TILTON

GARRISON



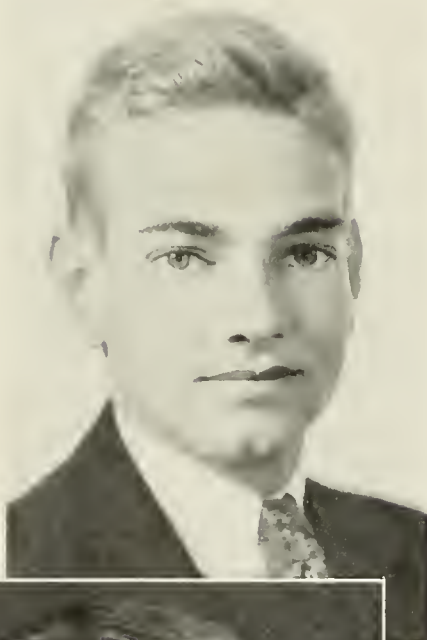
JOHN AUGUSTUS ALBERTSON



VIRGINIA STUART ALLEMAN



ELEANOR ALLEN



JOHN N. BECK



ROBERT L. BELL



HERBERT IRVING BERNSTEIN



MARTHA JANE ALTICK



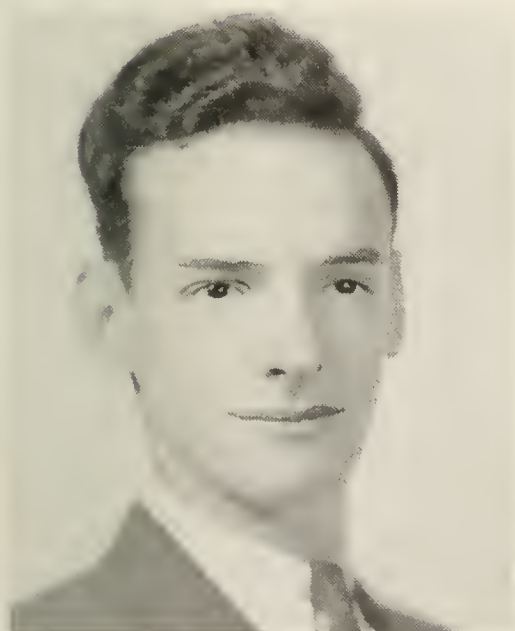
MARGARET H. BARBER



CATHARINE HARRIET BAYS



RICHARD LYNN BIGELOW



FRANK HOWARD BLUMENTHAL



BARBARA JEAN BLACKBURN



HELEN ELIZABETH BOWER



LENORE ELIZABETH
BOYER



WILLIAM CHAPMAN
BRADBURY, Jr.



JANE
CARSON
CLOUGH



ELIZABETH GLEN COFFIN



CHARLES EDWARD CRANE, Jr.



T. SIDNEY
CADWALLADER



ALFRED H. CHAMBERS, JR.



JEAN ELIZABETH BREDIN



EURETTA
DAVIS



PHILIP DENGLER CROLL



PHILIP ANTELL CROWL

EMILY
POMERY
DODGE



SARAH M.
DODD



J. EARLE EDWARDS



ESTHER FAIR



ROBERT McLAIN FALCONER



CLAYTON L. FARRADAY, JR.

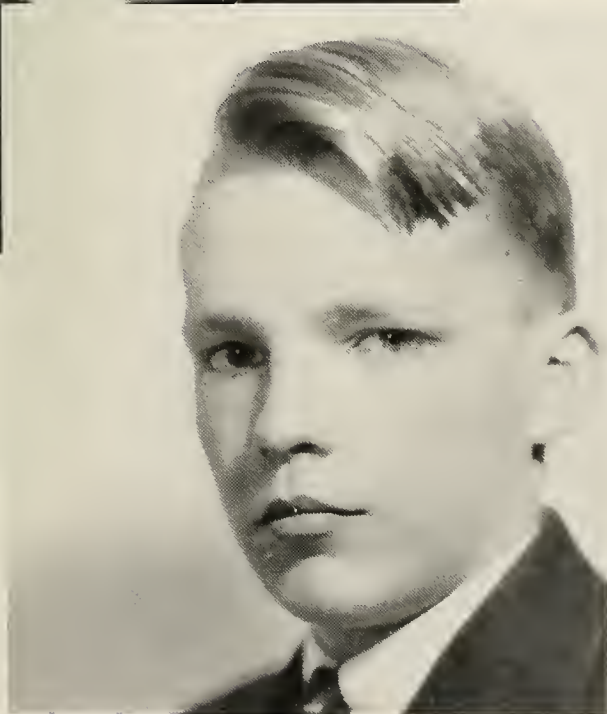
ELIZABETH WARE EMMEL



RICHMOND ERVIEN



JAMES A. FINLEY, Jr.



WILLIAM LAMBERT FOULDS



JANE FUGES



W. SHERMAN GARRISON



JEAN HARVEY

ONNALIE LOUISE GATES



RUTH HENDERSON



ROBERT K. GREENFIELD



DOROTHY HOYT

CHARLES ROLAND GRIFFEN



RICHARD HUMPHREY



FRANKLIN J. GUTCHESS



MARGARET ORR HUNTINGTON



CHANDLER WINSLOW JOHNSON



SIDNEY BESSELIEVRE HAMILTON

PRISCILLA ANN JOHNSON



WINIFRED ETHEL
JOHNSON



JOAN MILES KELLER



CHARLOTTE ANITA JONES



CAROLYN KEYES



ELLA LOUISE KIRK

MARY L. LAIRD



ELIZABETH ANN KRIDER



ELISE KOHN



LAIRD LICHTENWALNER



KATHERINE LEVER



ELFRIDA GERTRUDE LANDIS



HENRIK WENTZEL LOCKE



HELEN BOURKE MALONE



THOMAS H. LOEB



MARGARET HELEN MAUGER



FLORENCE LYONS



MARY H. MARIS



JANE ELIZABETH McCORD



J. VERNON McHUGH

MARGERY INZEL McKAY



JAMES FRANKLIN
McCORMACK

WINIFRED CARTLAND MOODY



CAMPBELL GARRET
MURPHY



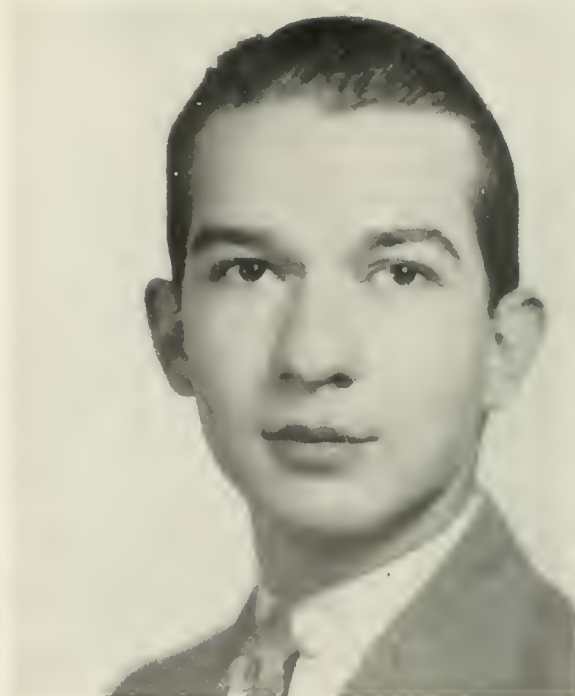
HENRY HAZEN NEWELL



PAUL B. OEHMANN



ETHAN ALLEN NEVIN



MARY JEAN
POORMAN



MARLETTE PLUM

PAUL CAMILL PETER





ARTHUR KIRKMAN OGDEN



LAWRENCE LIPPINCOTT
PARRISH

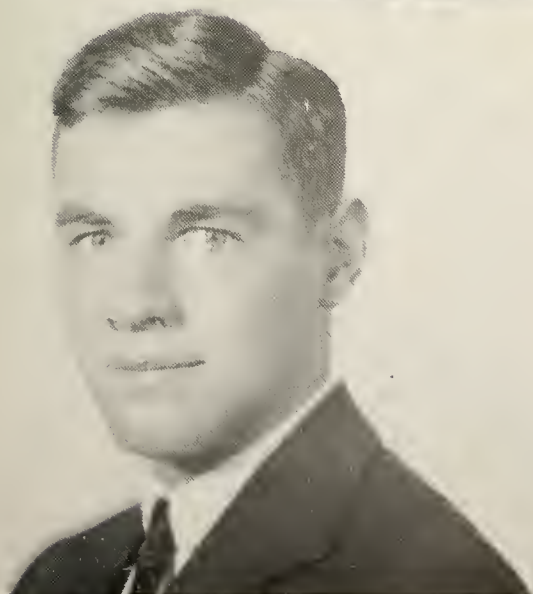
LORRAINE PATTERSON



GRETCHEN
RELLER



DONALD MOORE POWELL



RICHARD POST



JEAN ROBERTSON



PRESTON ROCHE



HARRY DIXON ROBINSON, JR.



JOHN P. SINCLAIR



CHARLES DOUGLAS SMITH



ELIZABETH SMITH



HELEN M. SHILCOCK



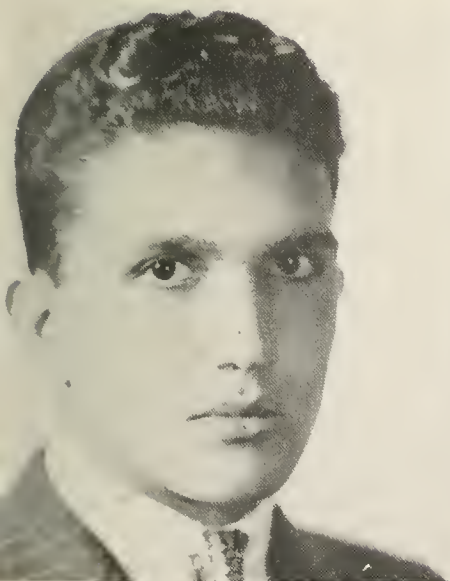
ROBERT SORG
SCHAIRER



JOHN WARREN SEYBOLD



YURI SAKAMI



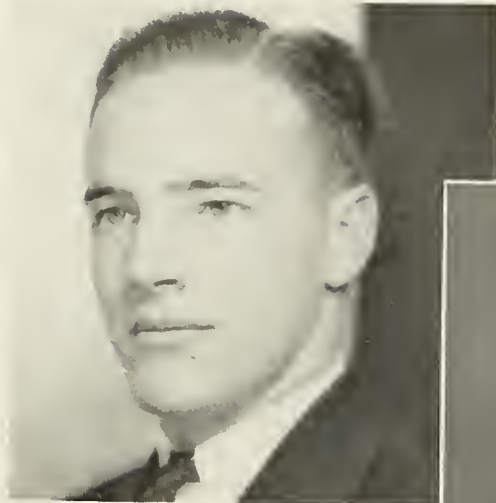
JOSUE SAENZ



FRANKLIN E. SATTERTHWAITE



GRACE H. SMITH



WILLIAM D. TAYLOR

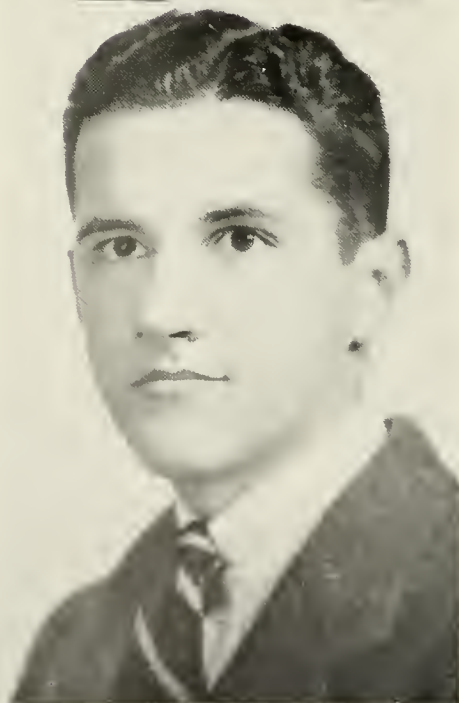
THOMAS BASSETT
TAYLOR, Jr.



MARGARET M. TILTON



ETHEL KNORR STOVER



ROBERT CHAPMAN TURNER



RUTH FERRIER STRATTAN

LOUISE COATES
WATKINS



MARY ELMA WHITE



CORA MAXWELL STROTHER

WILLIAM FOOTE WHYTE



LAURA VIRGINIA SMITH



WILLIAM P. WOOD



HAROLD BERTRAM STEINBERG



J U N I O R S

February 1911



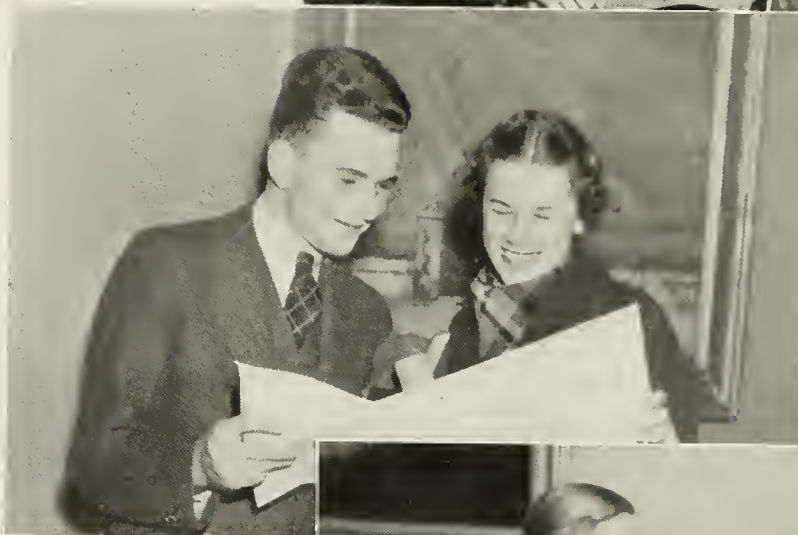
LONGSHORE

WOOD

HALLOWELL

ROSS

FIRST
SEMESTER
OFFICERS



SECOND
SEMESTER
OFFICERS

CARTWRIGHT

WEISS

BROOKS

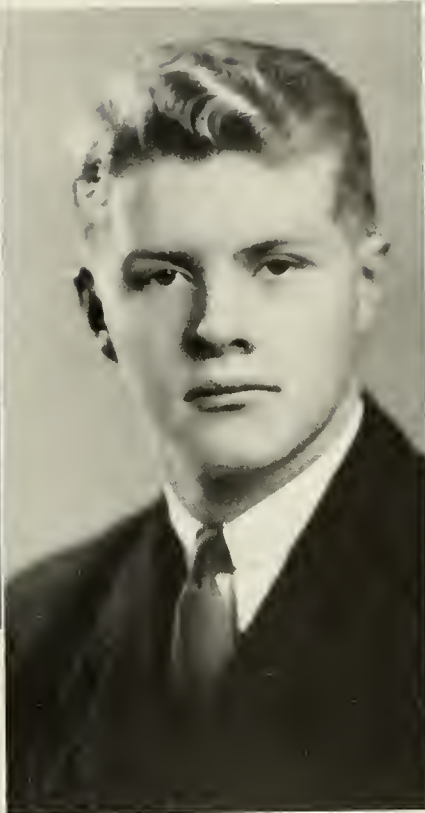
BUCKINGHAM





JANE SHIRLEY ALBEN

Pat may appear to have an indifferent attitude toward many things, but her active interest in both science and art is evident since Sketch Club claims her as an indispensable member, and since her imagination ran to such an extent that she even decided to raise chickens in the Fourth East gutter. (Not that Fourth East is a gutter.) Pat's chief characteristic is determination, which is somewhat hidden under her passive face. The appearance of the two chicks on her Fourth of July dinner table should be proof enough of this, for it is no small task to raise fowl in a two-by-four pen!



CHRISTIAN ANFINSEN, JR.

With nostrils distended (denoting passion) the Big Swede strolls around the campus under a mop of flaxen hair looking soulfully at the co-eds with big blue eyes. If they can withstand the first assault he then chats about life with each and every one until they begin to have visions of a cottage for two. The conquest over, Chris then takes time out to fiddle around with some chemicals or ask Benny how to do calculus. If he still feels ambitious and it is Fall he will play a little football, or if it's Spring a little shot-putting will do. But Chris can't stay away from Parrish long—not that it wants him to, you understand.



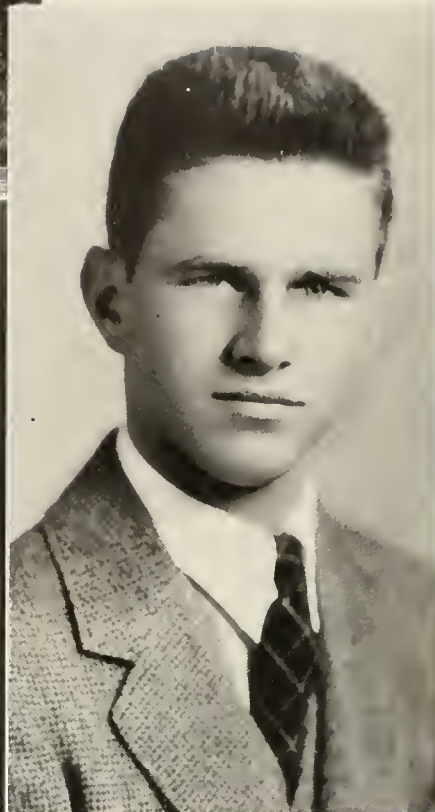
SAMUEL F. ASHELMAN, JR.

Sam remained one of Miss Luken's alumni "ex's" for one year but has returned to Swarthmore with an alphabetized vocabulary, a passion for cooperatives, and an idealistic bend. And Sam has since occupied his old place as a big boy in campus affairs plus the new role of cupid's stooge. Sam's one of the boys who fell hard for little epitomes of sophomoric pulchritude. Meanwhile he goes in for reform in a big way—has one of those things that Swarthmore calls a "social conscience", and can be counted on for a Kagawa committee, a local peace council, or movements to occupy the time of Albuquerqueans.



JOHN SCOTT BALLARD

Jack was remarkably non-committal when interviewed. He hoped that we'd say he was a good student for the benefit of the folks back home. More than that he would not offer; so we had to rely on observation. To see him dancing one would never suspect him of being a serious engineering student, and honoring at that! He may often be found in Collection where he has earned the distinction of having outriced the Rices by a more athletic version of the roll. As a Kwinker he lends his (What is it? bass, tenor, or medium) to the Thursday serenades.



WALTER S. BARCLAY

Rising to great heights as a pole-vaulter, "Happy feet" Spackman has won a secure place in the hearts of his feminine public; Polly Sigh alone has eluded him. Turning west for the better half of his social set-up. Walt early condensed the sophomore class and found the little Oconomowoc dairy maid. Despite the fact that he hails from Riverton, Walt is a real demon on the dance floor. With the perpetual grin that automatically closes his tiny eyes, and with his continuous line of radio comedian jargon, Walt provides the trackmen and Jay Vee soccerites with an interest in life that prevents their going the way of 1935 varsity football.



EARL PHILIP BENDITT

Merman of the first water, Earl is seen only on his trips between the station, the Zoo lab and the swimming pool. A biological shadow that crashes into print only when swimming meets are written up in *Phoenix* and that never crashes into the social activities, day-student Benditt is one that we don't see enough of. A smile that bespeaks a swell sense of humor and marks that suggest an interesting mind are the only things you have to go by, for Earl is both quiet and modest, and you will have a hard time getting to know him. It's too bad, because anybody who can swim like that ought to find a kindred mermaid in Collection.



ISABEL REST BENKERT

A nautical lady is Skipper—a very salty seafarer, indeed! When she isn't actually sailing on the briny deep she manages to be there by proxy with the help of her trophies and a clock that strikes ship's bells. The sailor's life may be bold and free, but, in Skipper's case there are certain complications, such as honoring in mathematics. Cwimp and Outing Club do help to compensate for her enforced land-lubberly existence. But her winter's compromise with college life is forgotten, when summer comes around, and she can "go down to the sea again" in her own eighteen-foot catboat.



MARION BEST

Besty exhibits the metamorphosis of the social butterfly. From a retiring Westfield High Schooler she has become Swarthmore's A number one socialite and in accordance with such an enviable position scales the heights in sartorial and terpsichorean perfection. As the college's best authority on the "main line roll" she can even show Brother Ballard a few intricate gyrations which is an accomplishment no matter how you look at it. Quite contrary to Swarthmore tradition she manages to stay free of all entangling alliances and remains the major unattached enigma of the class of '37.



ALAN EDWARD BLOCH

Alan is the iconoclast who shocks frosh by occasionally crossing our Friendly quad with a huge rifle on his shoulder. He proudly exhibits his game on one of his walls—three squirrel tails and part of a muskrat. With his senior room-mate who is perpetually asking for the folks at home with suggestive glances at a bus schedule, Alan has made his C section citadel a center of rackets—musical and otherwise. He displays a profound knowledge of classical music and a less profound ability to play the clarinet. According to Alan, he has an I. Q. just two points below the genius level—according to Alan!



ELIZABETH A. BROOKE

As wide, distinctive, and lengthy as the Brooke stride may be, it never gets Caboose anywhere on time. Indeed this lateness, plus infernal neatness and disgusting industriousness has her friends in a continual dither of despair. An important part of the *Phoenix* machinery, Brookie has a wonderful time bossing those innocents here and there, and stating her very definite opinions about nothing. However behind the stern front of this Junior Editor lurks a zest for horsemanship, argument, and binging, which even long hours in the libe can't down. "She's dizzy," say her friends, "but any way her heart's still on the gold standard."



BARBARA B. BROOKS

Beginning her campus career as "freshman flash on the courts", Barbs continues to flash her way through varsity tennis. Social committee, English honors seminars, and into the hearts of defenseless males! A middle name like Bickford might lead you to expect an untouchable aristocrat, but her cheerful grin and the bounciness that rivals Bays at once assuage all doubts as to her approachability. With a smooth voice and a neat line (so they say!) she's willing to "just talk" or to dance. Barbs' main purpose in college is, nevertheless, to get educated. Another of those omnipresent Third Westers, Brooksie's only major vice is being, of all ghastly things—normal!



MARGARET B. BROOKS

One of Swarthmore's leading girl-scouts, Peggy, like Time, marches on. That efficiency she strives to attain stands her in good stead in a life crowded with Honors, chorus, and W. S. G. A., and colored with the grim determination that whatever may happen to the *Times* or the *Tribune*, the *Evening Bulletin* must go through. Puzzled and homesick freshmen, seeking refuge from the sometimes chilly intellectual atmosphere of our college, find sense tempered with nonsense in Peggy's ready sympathy and irrepressible chatter. Whether her smile means that she considers the world a swell place or just that she doesn't know what other expressions to use, it still looks nice with her freckles and red hair.



THOMAS H. BROOMALL

A day-student, Tom nevertheless succeeds in making enough noise to attract the attention of practically everybody in school. Hanging around D-section's second floor, raising cane with the ill-mannered crowd that lives there, his natural propensities for making a racket have been well enlarged. A successful football player, he is also a dictionary of political science, and freshmen in Poli Sci I rush to him for those A papers he did three years ago. Having pretty definite opinions, liking to talk about them, he does so loud and long. Despite his role as a campus uproar, though, he has outside interests of a major sort which give us periods of calm between his clamorous appearances.



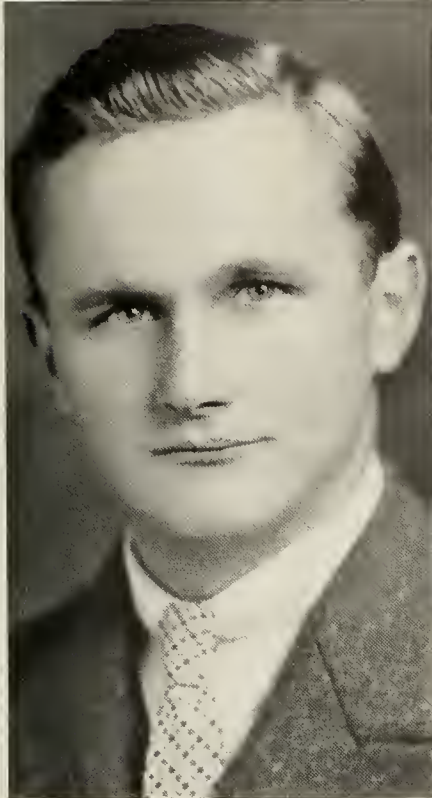
G. LUPTON BROOMELL, Jr.

Introducing Swarthmore's rather of all-American fame. To G. Lupton goes sole credit for E Section's disreputable permanent state of chaos. Like many temperamental college artists, his sophomore year was probably his best when he accomplished the astounding feat of tying Cogshall's sheets together and hitching them to a tree back of Wharton: collapsible beds, missing springs, locked doors and broken transoms were only stepping stones to this crowning achievement. But Lup finds time for other activities, being an ardent Kwinker, even going so far as to tackle the impossible job of persuading the frosh to gather wood for pep rallies. Then too, Lup is an honors man, so he studies—some.



JAMES E. BUCKINGHAM

By achieving the Basketball Captaincy in his junior year, Jim showed himself to be the kind of lad that speakers talk about during Freshman Week as "the sort that gets ahead." But Buck is no Boy Scout, and college life has become more sedate since he moved out of Wharton. Proponents of '37, in proving the superiority of their class, are nevertheless apt to say "Look at Buckingham." And if you do, you will see the face that blushed so deep a crimson the night of the Faculty play, when he took at swell-looking Sophomore blonde and sat uncomfortably through three acts listening to insulting remarks, audible throughout Clothier, from his raucous confreres in basketball.



C. OLIVER BURT

Ollie reverses the usual Swarthmore tradition and makes a daily pilgrimage from the suburb of Chester, Pennsylvania, to Swarthmore for the sake of kinematics and boilers and other headaches in Hicks and Beardsley. Golfer Burt is from Chester and is proud of it. What's more phenomenal is that he's an engineer with a keen sense of humor. An elusive young man, Ollie neutralizes his inherent Chesterian and engineering silence by hanging out with the D2's. When it comes to sports, he's elusive again, since there is no geographic limits to playing with niblicks and drivers. Ollie's silent about his social life, but no news is good news.



WILLIAM C. CAMPBELL

Bill is one local boy who went South to Duke for his freshman year and then deserted those nicotine halls for Swarthmore and its Quaker pulchritude. He admits that living in town has its disadvantages; there are home town and college girls on your hands all the time. A J. V. lacrosse man when the ice begins to thaw, Bill boots with the J. V. soccerites in the fall. He early proved himself a true Swarthmorean when he shot a goal during a Haverford game which won the day for the Junior Garnets. Bill's an all year athletic enthusiast. He's always around the gym bulling with Ruff, Blake, Pard, or anybody who wants to swap ideas on Swarthmore's athletic past, present, or future.



JEAN ALISON CARSWELL

Scotty is one of those strong, silent women who manage to conceal all cerebration behind a broad grin. Just by way of paradox she has selected a nice, noisy bunch of activities like Gwimp and the Chorus. Scotty's the girl who got away with some murder last fall with her compilation of the heights and weights of all the girls in college. She used a genetics course as her excuse but even this didn't ease the jolt her popularity received for a time! "Obstreperous? A bit," says her room-mate, "but we just ignore it. If she will run off to spend the summer working with abnormal children in a Psych clinic what can one expect?"



DORWIN CARTWRIGHT

Doc, in his own quiet way, has managed to get by with both a prep school and Wharton room, four room-mates, most of the dining room silver-ware, and the Junior class presidency, all in one year. Quite a record but nothing compared to his other stunts. Living up to the so-called "radical" tendencies, he is one of the leaders of the present peace movement—as a critic, debater, reformer—none better. However radicalism ends here. What passes for a laugh, so much individuality, and a gift for gab, have gained for him a potentially bright future as a minister. But, personally, we think he would be a bigger success selling vacuum cleaners to housewives.



KEITH W. CHALMERS

Ever since the day Bea called him "Piglet" there has been no dissention as to his anthropological classification. Of course he is an extraordinary Piglet who plays a flute, a piano; who directs plays and acts—at all times, but especially in plays; who head-waits in the dining room and does honors works. And the best thing is that he does them all at once. If this isn't sufficient to describe him, just think back to that all-pervading, boisterous, tenor, sometimes baritone, sometimes worse, laugh which burst forth in the dining-room, followed by a very red face. That was Piglet. You really ought to get acquainted with Keith; you need a good laugh.



JOHN SOWDEN CHILD

John probably suspected Wharton's impending degeneracy when he decided to spend his junior year as a day student. But he still beats out haunting sophistications on the D section piano every day. Among the other vestiges of Wharton days is his passion for bull sessions in which he invariably defends the capitalist system with all of its trimmings. Johnny further demonstrates his versatility by holding down several orchestra and band jobs during the school year. That interest in syncopation goes hand in hand with two other college interests—collection and Shoemaking, neither of which is child's play.



ARNOLD F. CLARKE

Quiet and studious are the adjectives that come to one's mind as Arnold is seen strolling toward the Chemistry building, apparently absorbed in scientific thought. To the few that do know him he is the genius from Madison, Wisconsin, who combines science and music and does a good job of both. Few can get A's in Physics and Chemistry with as little effort, and none are as proficient on the violin and cello. Upon him depend much of the success of Dr. Dresden's musical teas. Such intellectuality, however, has left its stamp, and Arnold finds himself far removed from "the maddening crowd."



MARGARET A. CLARK

Mickey, as a rah-rah Canadian and a thorough-going sports woman, has the greatest contempt for domesticity. Although her pals have tried to show her how to make a bed and initiate her into some of the less subtle domestic arts, her room is always—to put it mildly—in a mess. She lets her smooth clothes circulate so freely that when Mickey appears in her snappiest costume, people wonder from which one of her friends she has borrowed it. As the least catty person in the whole Third West outfit, Mickey has given the innocent bystander a terrific shock by her announcement that she intends to go into the most communicative of all professions—journalism.



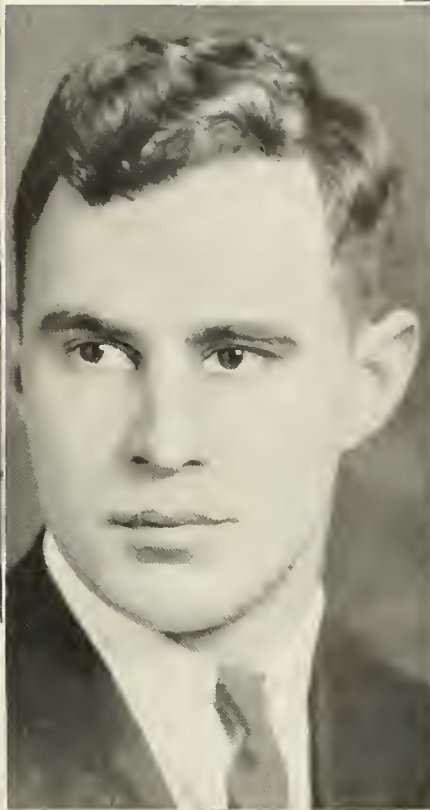
JAMES HULME CLARKE

May we present, Ladies and Gentlemen, the one and only, the inimitable Clarkie, half-pint, junior partner in the Little League Firm of Peter, Griffen and Clarke, Baseball Devotees, Inc. He knows them all, Folks, from Lefty Grove, Dizzy Dean and Mickey Cochrane down. He knows their batting averages and the names of their favourite dogs. And in addition, My Friends, he is no mean slugger himself—an ace on the diamond. But maybe even baseball isn't his favourite sport. You should see Clarkie play Brierley Ball, Ladies and Gents. Believe you me, he wields a mean Brierly Bat. But here he comes, Folks, Clarkie! the all-time high in Swarthmore's quick-on-the-trigger men.



T. MALCOLM CLEMENT

Mac is definitely of the strong, silent type, although lately he has shown a tendency to become stronger but not so silent, sometimes even going so far as to state an opinion. But Mac is humane and always mutters a sympathetic "Oh-oh" as he lays a grid-iron opponent low. One of our roughest and toughest football heroes, Mac cavorts at a guard position during the fall and then rests in the winter so he can hit his victims over the head with a lacrosse stick in the spring. He started his social career rather late but now attends such aesthetic outbursts as the "Ballet Russe." This undoubtedly has awakened his tender side and Parrish reaps the harvest.



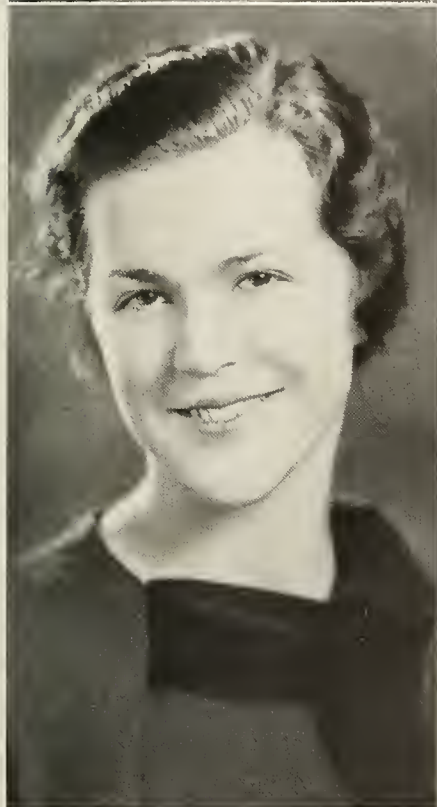
BENJAMIN COOPER

Out of the tomato lands of the great mosquito state came this Marlton Muscle Man to make a large niche for himself in college life. Despite shaky ankles, a weak back, and a battered nose, Coop, as a lowly soph, crashed the football and lacrosse teams. Although as a frosh Benny had only two dates the whole year, his love life since then has been an open book, thanks to his E section hecklers. A student of the first order during his freshman year, Benny has gone the way of all honors students and is now a devotee of nocturnal strolls, deferred studying, and advanced Stubbing.



MYRTLE E. CORLISS

Two delicate yawns exquisitely executed and Myrtle emerges from one of her afternoon communions with Morpheus. With a few wild gesticulations and much pointing she is her old self again, talking rapidly, punning too frequently, and displaying a superb sense of humor. Her intense eager conversation achieves a high crescendo when she reaches the subject of Psychology, her greatest interest. In her lighter moments a bit of paint behind her ear or up her sleeve testifies to her delight in scene-painting. So take an afternoon nap, a poor pun, an intense interest in life and innumerable sneezes and you have Myrtle.



MARGUERITE C. COTSWORTH

Looking more like a debutante than an honors student, Marge has come through three years of college life not a bit the worse for wear. Her charms are wasted neither on Swarthmore nor on Boston, to which city she is a very faithful commuter. Member of the HALCYON business staff and a chest fund worker, Marge still finds time for much practical joking and avid conversation about her summer in Yellowstone. In spite of the evidence to the contrary offered by the famous Cotsworth giggle, Marge has latent dignity and a few serious moments devoted to study. She's imperturbable as a rule, yet her friends know how to get a rise. Just call her "Zephyr."



MARGARET E. CUPITT

Cupie is one of those Third-West weekenders who seem to commute to Swarthmore from Lehigh and points beyond. During her mid-weekly stays here, Cupie manages everything from basketball to anyone who happens to be in her way. In spite of being a noted merry-go-rounder, Cupie has recently surprised everybody by turning student. She now conscientiously deports herself in honors work and seems to be one of the contestants for the endurance record at the library. However, she still finds time for the Junior Lodge, a tremendous amount of noise, insomnia, and a vicarious interest in engineering.



BETTY FOREE DENNIS

Betty is probably best known as the "enfant terrible" who is continually getting her dates mixed but manages to slide out of the mess every time. Her Southern charm and childish mannerisms have gone over in a big way in Little Theater Club plays and at Somerville teas—that is when she can spare the time from mental telepathy over the telephone or tearing off sonnets for *Manuscript*. Except for dancing, football games, crying in movies, and cutting a twelve-year molar, she swears she has no hobbies at all. Excitable describes her perfectly and for proof, just try to interview her—she spills hot tea all over herself.



FRANCES T. DERING

The butterball of the Third West babes is so completely energetic that she continually wears out her more deliberate companions. This Pollyanna was one of those on Marion's house-party at Cranberry Lake last spring. What with rowing all day (with a perfectly good motor boat in the offing) and wanting to hike incessantly, she nearly brought the house party to an exhausted and untimely end. As if being a veteran Gwimper, hockey manager, and chorister weren't enough, Fran displays her interest in bigger and better hiking as President of the Outing Club. Although the Imp is one of those who occasionally haunt the dome for long periods of study, she can hardly be classed as a dome-bell!



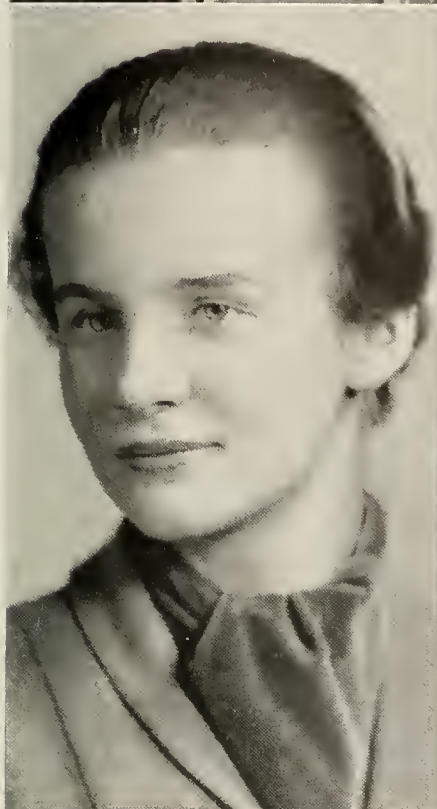
WILLIAM DIEBOLD, JR.

The man who is Swarthmore's number one character actor must have as many sides as the mind-body problem. And as if that were not enough, he directs plays. And directors; well, they just have to be able to personify anyone. In the honors division he has the reputation of being one of those strange creatures who can write papers sans outline, notes, draft, or anything. Where do you find him? First find Keith Chalmers. Then listen. That deep, double-bass laugh which forms the background belongs to Bill. Or drop around to a Little Theatre Club production. "Mama, What is that?" "Sh! Sonny, that is Diebold."



ELIZABETH L. DOBSON

To Dob go the honors for possessing the biggest share of insatiable curiosity of any member of the Third West gang and for the ability to ask the most questions in the shortest length of time. But if her tongue travels fast, Dob travels faster and gets even further. In fact she can hardly spare the time to go to her French classes, although once in a while she does settle down for a good game of contract. And speaking of contracts, she seems to have signed on the dotted line for a permanent one with the technical end of Little Theater Club.



MURIEL C. ECKES

No, it's not because Muz is half asleep that she stumbles over rugs and walks through closed doors. It's just that she's always dashing off to Gwimp meeting or the *Phoenix* office. Sometimes we wonder how a person who has acquired the title "Baby" can have the perversity to sit up all night to finish papers. Muz is incessantly raving that honoring is too much for her. But critics fail to notice the discrepancy, although they agree that seminar isn't the perfect setting for her. Muz is far more interesting when she's resisting the concerted efforts of Third West to awaken her, or when she's having a really good temper-tantrum.



GRACE AMALIE ECKMAN

Grace has the Third West faculty of always knowing what or who is going on even though her love of "visiting" often conquers her curiosity and takes her away from the main source of information. But even during her frequent absences she spends her time sending post cards to or getting presents for, everyone she knows. She may lend her clothes but she can't lend her knack of writing papers in nothing flat. However, she isn't as dignified as she looks; this seeming efficiency is necessary because it begins about the time that others go to bed. The best of the evening Gracie is haunting T. P.'s or the bridge table.



MARION ELLIS

Versatile Nitti Ellis of the two great brotherhoods SPC and Delta Whoopsilon Omega Alpha gets around our 257 acre campus. She is the babe who does all the talking for everybody else and makes people like it. With the hasty preface "Now, gir-ls," Nitti is off to a description of her difficulties in gay Paree last summer with the too free use of those "oh, so different French idioms." Her activities range from filling the goal on the class hockey team, to tooting on the flute and longer and heavier week ending. Linguist Marion specializes in being able to say, "I love you," in twenty different languages, with emphasis on the Italian.



ELEANOR EDITH EVES

When the once-notorious Flying Squadron vanished from the Swarthmore horizon there remained behind one of its most important elements who has developed into something unique in Swarthmore life. Although she is listed as a pre-med, her best talents are exhibited in the field of Social Seances where her course in dancing is a big drawing card and her work on Social Committee adds a little leaven to the Swarthmore lump. She frequently gives people advice at odd moments, though what constitutes an odd moment in the life of Eves is something on which we refer you to more experienced authorities.



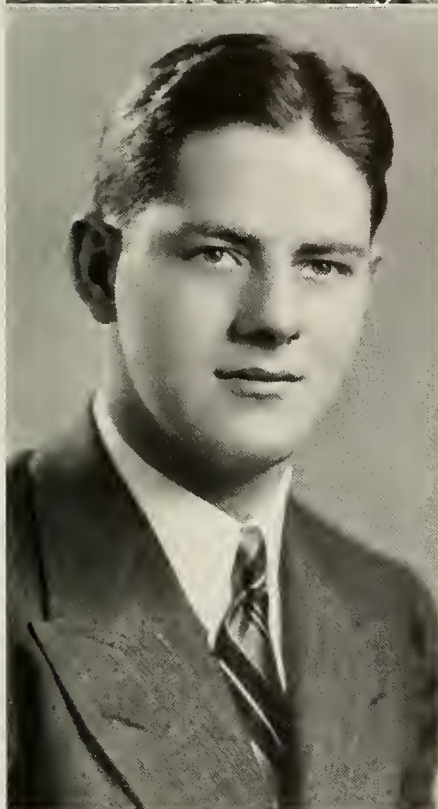
OLVA FULLER FAUST

Ollie, with a finger in every Third West pie, still has time to be an Activity Girl of the type who always makes things go. Last year Gwimp initiated her as Bing Crosby, to their sorrow. *Phoenix* claims its share of her energy and thrives at her business like touch. Given one of Swarthmore's tougher nuts to crack, Ollie managed a nice job last year as secretary to the howling mob of '57. Turning these same talents in less formidable directions, she easily manages to talk your ears off. Ollie's credulity might class her as sweet-and-simple were it not for memories of her one-time association with that half-forgotten bunch of scandalizers, the Flying Squadron.



GEORGE E. FORSYTHE

One of the Middle Westerners who have made Swarthmore what it is, Forsooth scorned the University of Michigan for our higher learning, and immersed himself immediately in the more difficult concepts of mathematics and physics. He emerges now and then—he wrote a treatise on the social system for the *Manuscript*, and he rushes around on the basketball floor waving his arms and legs as if they were hung from a universal joint. Incidentally, if you haven't noticed his trick dance steps in Collection the sight's a requisite for graduation.



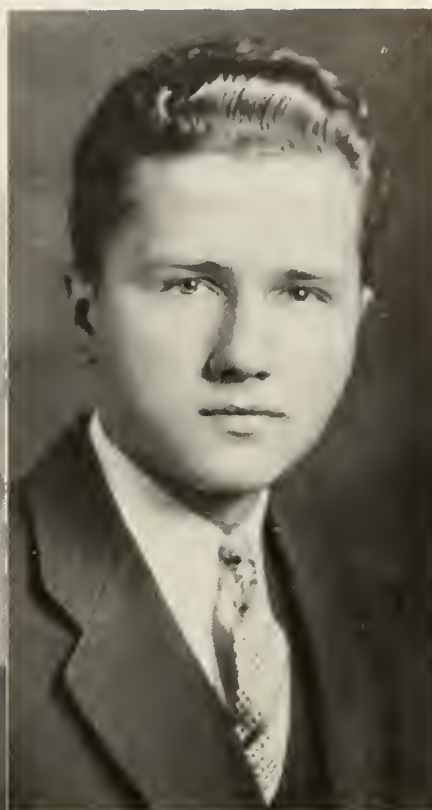
WARD S. FOWLER

If Ward ever passed you with a blank and staring eye, it was probably on a Saturday night during football season. His attack is so fierce that he never comes out the same man he went in. Last year he used to come out as drum major and lead the band between halves. A serious musician in spite of his connection with the band, Ward fiddles and trumpets and even sings in glee club; what's more, he possesses no small knowledge of the subject, something all too rare at Swarthmore. Although he is an Open Scholar, in some respects he seems almost human. We have heard that he taught his sister the delicate art of knitting.



JAMES R. GARDNER

Jim moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. His occasionally cockeyed slant on life is not limited to his mental activities, though we cannot completely accept the statement of one frosh that "Gardner is an amusing guy, but a little feeble-minded." He claims to have given up campus circulation for cerebration and for Pete's sweet sake, and you often see his Snag-Proof galoshes sitting with feet in them on the library table. Nevertheless, he is the proud possessor of a seat on the M. S. G. A. board (like a seat on the stock exchange, only not so profitable) and his gazelle-like grace on the soccer field has made him one of the noble army of lettermen.



LEO GBURSKI

Though outwardly very silent and almost shy at times 'tis said Leo seethes inwardly and as proof of this goes on weekly tears to Chester and sundry places of doubtful reputation. But on his return, Gubby, like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, does a right about face and beats on the books mercilessly; thus accounting for Sigma Tau. Besides being a student, Leo holds up valiantly under a weak ankle and boots a mean soccer ball and in the Spring warms poor Avery's heart with the finesse with which he swishes the lacrosse ball into the goal. Once in a while Gubby wanders over to Parrish, but as he says, "The Schenectady women are so different."



MARGARET L. GERMANN

Once upon a time, there was a little girl who roller-skated through the door of a church and sailed up the aisle to her seat. It was Peggy. She seems to have changed little, for she's still giving the absent-minded professors some heavy competition. You will realize, though, when you hear her throaty voice and see how many pocketbooks she carries that her innocent exterior must belie something sinister in her inner nature. Besides, she has the only hair dryer in L section and the only extra cot . . . so you can see that Peggy knows a thing or two about getting along in this cold, cold world.



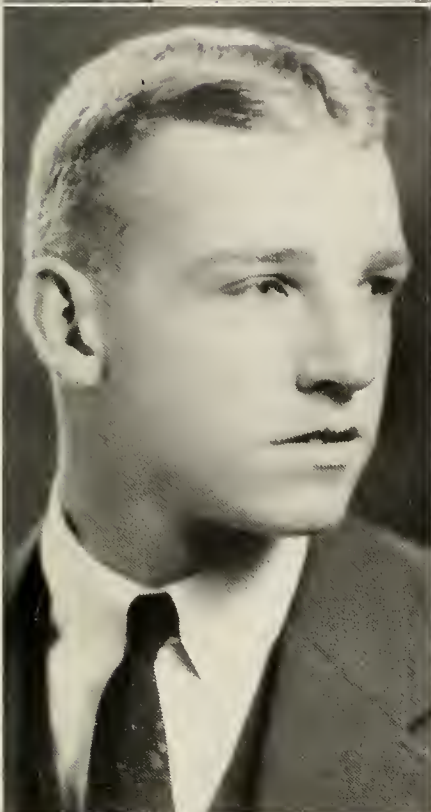
LYLE GILL

Middle-western from his bow-legs to the top of his Nebraskan hair, Lyle is Main Street brought to Swarthmore and given an education. The education has done wonders, too, and even the staunchest of Philadelphia Quakers will admit that Lyle is now almost a human being. For those whose conception of the U. S. does not extend beyond Pittsburgh, Lyle cannot exist. But he does exist, and rather effectively. With the natural desire of an Ec major to see capitalism being upset in the raw, he is the most ardent worker in the government projects, and you can see him between seminars, gathering material for them by picking up leaves on the lawn.



WESLEY R. GODDARD

Reading "Cyrano" in his cultured voice over the coffee cups is Wesley's most characteristic activity. His continental background and esthetic feel for literature add "class" to Wharton bull-sessions. A dabbler in the paints who can contemplate a Van Gogh for three hours, Wesley is essentially impractical. Kind souls play nursemaid to his whims and carefully see that he wears his beret when it rains. A rather conventional person, he startled all by pursuing a lady with an intriguing HALCYON write-up. On the whole a quiet, well-mannered lad, Wesley sporadically indulges in rare bursts of loud guffaws and occasional mad conversation.



JOSEPH HAFKENSCHIEL

There was a time when Joe sought to prove his infinite capacity by a milk-drinking contest, but sad to say he, like Atlanta, was beaten by a couple of inches. But his capacity, though not infinite, is expansive, taking in football, M.S.G.A., honors seminars, and committees ad infinitum. Joe is an exponent of the if-you-want-a-thing-done-well-do-it-yourself school, and carries on determinedly in spite of those who don't appreciate his theories. Of an earnestly cheerful nature, he sticks to his conviction that the world is a mighty fine place and that Swarthmore is one of the better corners thereof, despite slushy sidewalks and ice-cream—or grapes.



MASON HAIRE

Despite the fact that he comes from out where the tall corn grows, where they lynch city slickers and pay their tuition in hogs, Mason has none of the milk-fed characteristics of the typical Iowan. With discriminating sartorial taste, distinguished good looks, and sophisticated line, Mase has won a place among Swarthmore's smoothies, although since freshman year he has been concentrating his efforts upon one southern accent. Little Theatre actor, on the staff of the HALCYON, and a dancer with scruples against rolling, Mase majors in English and sleeps and bulls between seminars in Pitt's prep.



A. THOMAS HALLOWELL

Tommy is Sandy Spring's contribution to facial serenity. All of the campus fame that has been directed at old "Stone Face" hasn't changed his simplicity or love for the pleasant company of the old Quaker silence. A fast passing member of Pard's starring quintet and a varsity letterman in soccer and track besides, Tommy finds time to major in a stiff chemistry course and take time out for a lot of fun too. But he won't get excited about anything; during halves and quarters, when everyone else is panting, Tommy lies back and looks at the ceiling of the locker room. It may be a sprite from Sandy Spring.



JAMES ALAN HARPER

A former local product, lately gone south, Al is that blonde boy you see on the Soccer team. "Captain Harper" to the JV's, Al is a good, wholesome outdoor man. Devotee of winter sports, he owns a toboggan and a pair of skates which were very nearly his nemesis when his sturdy legs slid from under him and landed his face, by some incomprehensible contortions, on the runners. An engineer, Al finds relaxation in his role of a very interested onlooker of *Phoenix* activities. An Honors student, Alan makes the most of his opportunities to improve his contacts with the professors and their wives by conversation in Collection on Tuesday nights.



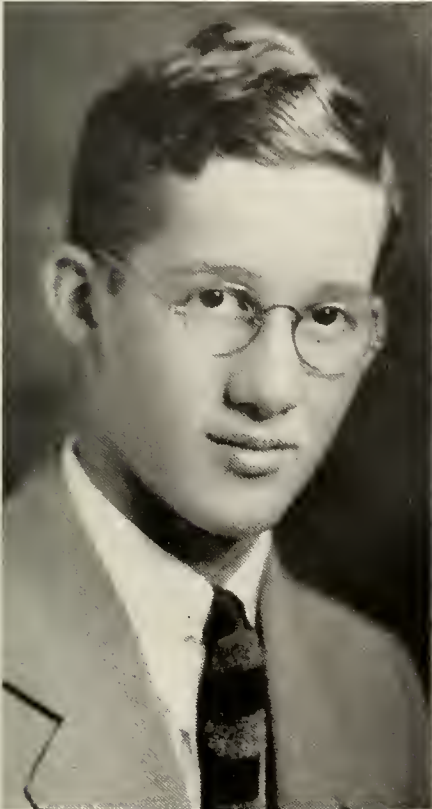
JANET OLIVE HART

Quiet restraint and an intellectual air are suggested by Janet's statuesque face. But a little whimsy soon betrays her interest in marionettes, folk lore, and fantastic animals. A girl lost in some forgotten corner of the stacks turns out to be Janet pursuing the devious bypaths of knowledge. From this wealth of information she takes a wicked delight in springing startling ideas, in spinning logical webs on all sides of an argument. Epitome of efficiency, she follows the footlights, the arrows, honors work, and *Manuscript* between answering her incessant string of phone calls. A hidden measure of naivete, a dash of fantasy, a goodly portion of intellect, and a frosting of restraint combine to make Janet.



ELIZABETH S. HAY

Betty does her best to embody the spirit of the sedate upperclassman, wearing snooty clothes, looking scornful in classes, and trying to scare all the whooping frosh into orderliness, but she's really pretty human after all. Betty contributes to much merry-making on Second West and makes a daily hail on the college mail; none of which is unusual when one considers the charms of a Plymouth roadster and its driver, objects of desire of many a man-about-campus. Unlike the other 99 99/100 per cent of the winsome lassies at Swarthmore who carefully count calories, Betty imbibes a detested daily eggnog to entice some seductive curves.



RICHARD HEAVENRICH

By his own admission, Dick is the light of E Section, and his advice to its rowdier inhabitants is always "Mind the Light." For Dick is a student, and an aggressively studious one at that. Forsaking the gridiron, on which he shone, Dick turned wholly to his books, and day after day he sits closeted in his cubicle, except for short excursions to the socially attractive third floor. There, smiling and suddenly gregarious, he chats of this and that until he remembers his primary duty in life, and then he rushes downstairs again, spreading, as he goes, the noble advice for his companions to get on the books also.



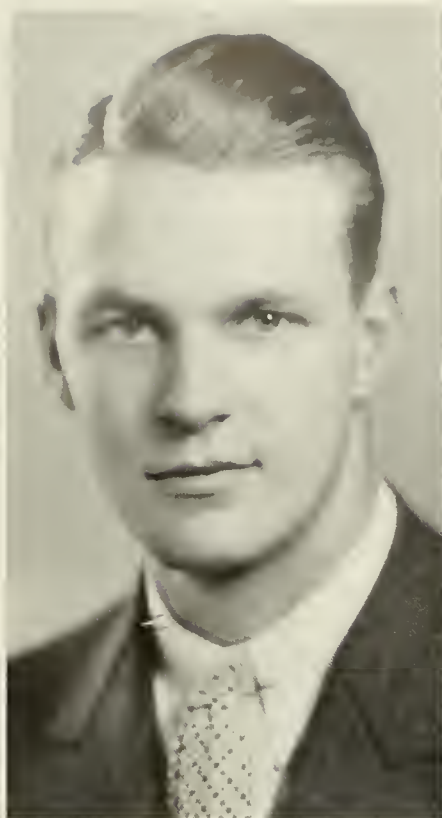
ALMA BIELE HELBING

Alma's days and nights are jammed with action. Although she's usually cutting up monkeys in Zoo labs or avidly listening to symphony concerts, she has been known to stay up all night to finish a book, and can become equally enthusiastic about her work at the Ingleneuk or an Outing Club hike. These exhaustless energies, which even pre-med honors can't seem to dull, continually amaze and annoy her friends, as do her spasmodic attempts at piano playing! The grand consequence is that they swear not to patronize Dr. Helbing when the shingle finally goes up, but even this dire prospect doesn't phase this sturdy lass!



JOHN EVERETT HICKOK

Here we have one of those Dining Room smoothies who, clad in white coat, flirts with waitresses in the pantry. Member of D section's engineering clique, he is not deterred by the hidebound traditions of that crowd from enticing young ladies with those superbly long eyelashes, although last year, on a bet, his style was cramped for a short time by a ferocious beard. A Godsend to those freshmen who suffer from doors locked on the inside by nasty Sophomores, Jack has now become quite adept at scrambling up rain-pipes and along the narrow ledge of Wharton's begargoyled cornice—to say nothing of his innate ability for scrambling around the grandstands at night.



HENRY H. HOADLEY

Being an engineer and a day student at the same time, limits Hank's campus appearances to the vicinity of Hicks and Beardsley. But he's a familiar figure at women's formals, Phi Sig dances, and other functions where the fair sex is involved. A local football sensation until an injured knee prevented his participating in college sports, Hank now limits his activity to providing transportation for teams. It is rumored that he had aspirations in the airplane line, built a plane in his basement, but — with true engineering diligence—made the thing so big that it will never get through the cellar door.



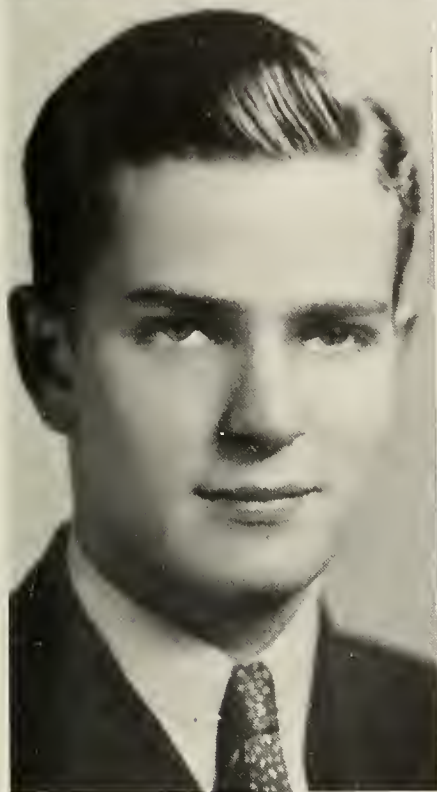
HELEN F. HORNBECK

With chameleon-like moods of both aesthetics and business, Becky is always in a dither to be going. Beginning her college career as a sulfragette, the mighty Hornbeck was the first woman to crash through to a place on Press Board. She has continued her campaigning in an attempt to convince Iowa farmers and American Legionnaires of the values of peace. Now she's trying to evangelize J section in the interests of modern dancing. But, in spite of it all, Becky has a real personal problem at the moment — her shorn locks — for having accustomed herself to long years with a "bun" she must now change her whole personality to suit her coiffeur.



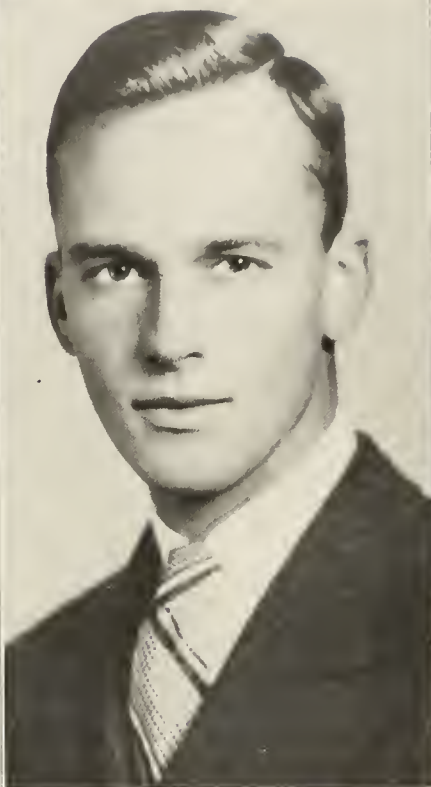
LOUISE P. HOUSEL

Lou is a complex person. She majors in Latin, aspires to teaching it, belongs to the Classical Club, yet hates to be called classical. She has a fondness for words without being bothered by anything so incidental as what they happen to mean. We shouldn't be too surprised to hear that her inevitable afternoon nap is the most exhausting item in her day's schedule. Then there's that pounce game at ten-fifteen which might be anything from "abbreviated" right through the dictionary to "zealous." And as for college crushes — Lou, quite agog with romantic excitement, probably says, "How devastating!"



GEORGE D. HULST, JR.

Joey was born in front of a victrola, which may account for his musical background. At a tender age he discovered that he had a lot of excess air (temperature unknown). Forthwith he blew, until now he can play any number above the age of two years, Casa Loma style, on any instrument including his larynx. His is the traditional Hamburg Show orchestra whose motto is (or should be) "We'll all stick together," and Joe was at least a third of last year's Inglenuek trio. But if 99-44/100% of the Cherub's time is rhythm, the other 56/100% manages to cover a good deal. He Kwinks, engineers, and paddles in the pool.



FRANK A. HUTSON, JR.

Slim and handsome, Frank pursues his smooth way through school without attracting an awful lot of attention except on the tennis court, when feminine on-lookers sigh wistfully as he sends the enemy down to defeat. One of that slightly battered group of partakers in local winter sports, Frank also spends his days in winter sliding on skis and other things along perilous ledges and rescuing his companions when they fall into chasms. Then, too, he sings in the Glee Club, and there also feminine hearts are stirred by the romantic crooner. And then, of course, there is that strange, consuming interest in the Alumnae, which forms a certain bond between Frank and Miss Lukens.



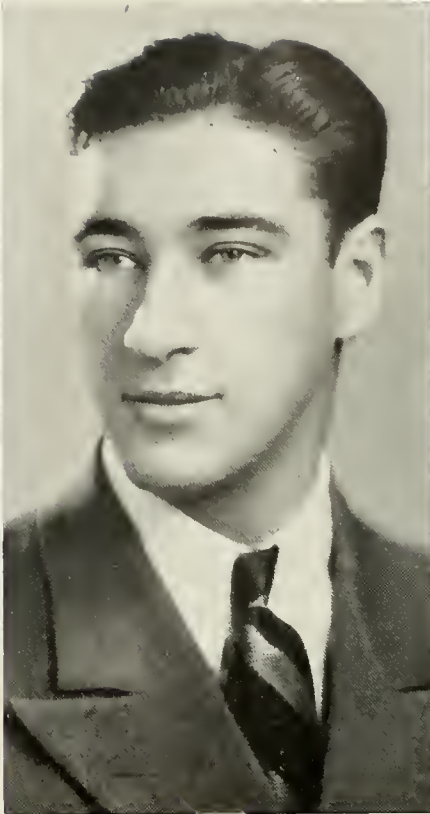
ELIZABETH W. JACKSON

The three-way threat, the Athletic Association ace, and the eager eater, that's Jackson. A star varsity letterwoman in hockey, basketball, and tennis, Betty flashes in all her glory the year around and especially when she has her coiffeurs done just in time for practice. A devotee of ice cream, peanut butter, and Mexicans, she is Shirer's chief support. Vigorous though her activities are, they only occupy the hours between long-distance calls to Colorado. When she's not tearing around in the A. A. station wagon, this noisy, independent Poli Sci major can usually be found hanging out on Third West. All in all, Betty is a lady of responsibility, charm, and appetite.



CARL M. W. JENTER

Here's toughie Fritz, the horror of the Poli Sci department. None who saw him in class last year, clenching his fists and biting his fingers in a valiant effort to restrain his aggressive impulses when the prof lit into Nazidom could doubt the authenticity of his Teutonic ancestry. Ace man in Soccer and Lacrosse, Carl forces his Aryan route through college with broad shoulders, gorilla-like walk and his deep "Yo-o" to passerbys. A militaristic anachronism against the liberal background of Swarthmore. Carl fits into everything except the Poli Sci department.



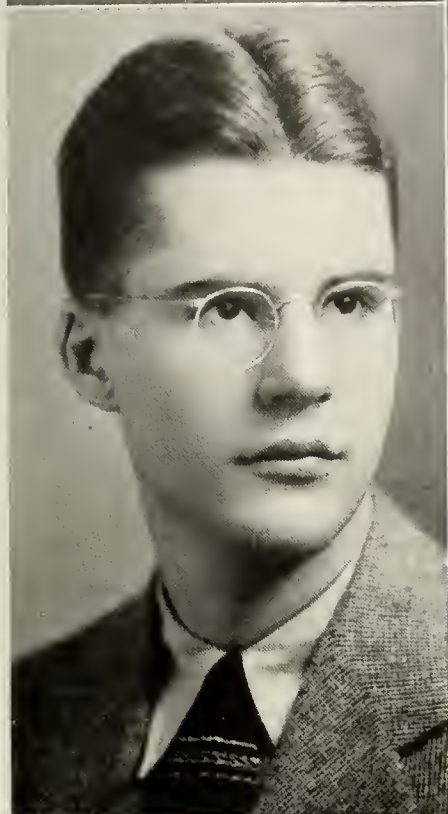
SAMUEL I. KALKSTEIN

Sam first leaped into the limelight at college through his distressing inability to pronounce the simple word "bottle" — his Brooklyn version sounding suspiciously like "boh-uhl." Next Sam as a frosh crashed through in basketball and then lacrosse. During the fall months he takes it easy in the chem lab and goes after beer in Murphy's wreck on week-ends. But now that Kalky has reached the heights as M. S. G. A. prexy he frowns on all such pastimes. However, now and then, he forgets himself long enough to expertly shove his court opponent or clonk a defense man over the head with a lacrosse stick.



JOAN C. KELLEY

"Brother Kelley! Oh, Broccoli!" shouts another of the D. W. O. A. hockey camp brotherhood in an attempt to drag this Second Wester away from her carefully planned routine. But Joan simply insists that she must stick to her program else how will she ever get away when she wishes. You see, as a specialist in child psychology, her presence is often required at the Rose Valley nursery school and at Haverford. Once she went to New York, too. There Joan, the dignified Secretary of Gwimp, encumbered with two boxes and suitcase and as yet uninitiated to the subway, turned to say, "Quit your shoving!" when the abrupt arm of the turnstile forced her rudely on her way.



JOHN JUSTUS KIRN

The most flexible vocal chords in Swarthmore belong to John Justus. They can go from a low growl to a high giggle in the time it takes to say "nodatesnec-essary." He is also the possessor of a description-defying walk whose origin seems even to antedate Culver. An Open Scholar, Johnnie's earnestness extends even to his sense of humor, and he puts a sizable amount of serious effort into seminar papers for Fraser and Anderson. As an actor John is developing rapidly (Stanislavsky technique), though the Kirn performance reaches breathless heights when sledding among the trees in Crum.



ROBERT KLABER

Bob is one honors student who admits feeling "let down" when seminars come to an end. A major in that department of cold and statistical realism under the direction of Dr. Wilcox, Bob can nevertheless be counted among the more aesthetic members of the "F" section gang. With a taste for the quaintly poignant, as the pictures on his wall and his enthusiasm for certain types of poetry testify, Bob's notorious for freezing his friends' ears by his zeal for taking long walks in the dead of winter. Bob has a keen interest in social and political problems and the way he handles such phrases as "Marxist dialectic" and "Pareto's fascism" would give Median some hope.



RICHARD KOENEMANN

Tall and quiet, Dick doesn't make much of a commotion in the troubled waters of college life. He goes silently along his way and minds his own business. A Zoo major, Dick wants to be a doctor, and it's hard to think of anybody who would have a more soothing bedside manner. An ingratiating one, too, for he is the member of the snobbish bookstore crowd upon whom the smiles of that institution's gracious proprietress most often fall. One of the efficient staff that directs bewildered freshmen in making out their course cards, Dick is popular with the administration as the result of his frequenting the Dean's office and as an Honors student.



WAYNE LOWRY LEES

Wayne came quietly upon us during sophomore year from the University of Maryland, where he had vigorously protested the ROTC and other anathemas of the Swarthmore campus. Since then he has taken time between involved and hectic seminars to fit into the Swarthmore social scheme of things. A veteran member of the Radio Club, Wayne tunes in on Brick House, where he has apparently found the subject of some strange ethereal vibrations. And Woolman House offers a good frequency proximity. To complete the Woolman picture, Wayne is a physics major, hopes to go into research, but wants it known that he's only a liberal—a mere Bourbon in the estimation of his dorm mates.



BARBARA LESHER

Lesh is first, last, and always the chorus girl of Clothier and Third West's white hope of some day crashing Broadway. In spite of her hearty laugh, her familiar "hey hey", and her steady stream of jokes, she errs on the side of sophistication. This might have something to do with her declaration that Life, though a husk, is better after dusk! Personally, we think that a poetic-propensity-pertaining-to-polysci-peter-and-perkins is responsible for this bit of philosophy. In less cynical moments Lesh indulges in a little Gwimping, tennis playing and Lodging just to prove that she occasionally has an interest in mere females.



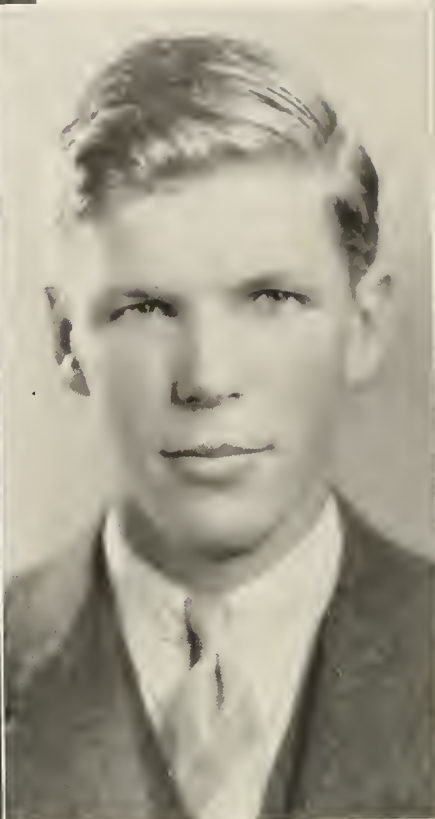
RUTH MARY LEWIS

Reny is the girl who is going to take a little child, train it to go without sleep, and thus create the perfect honors student! In the meantime she herself is augmenting an Ec honors major with water color and music. Definitely a summer girl Reny's continual nostalgia is for Southern waters, boats and collie dogs. She did love children, too, 'til one day she found herself perched on a table, ruler in hand, in the House of Industry, with 41 howling brats tearing about her! Although Reny doubts the fortune teller who found in her "deep wells of loneliness," she is intuitively stubborn about her own intuition, and what she knows she *knows*.



CHARLES W. LOEB

Yes suh! it's bruthah Loeb, the most continuous-talking southern gentleman ever heard in these parts. Funny thing about him, the more audience he has, the suthuhneh he gets. Charlie puts those long legs to good use in the fall, captaining the cross country team, and he runs right through the two-mile in the spring. As if this weren't enough, he lets off still more steam as a racketeer of the first order, inheriting most of Hechler's extra-curricular activities. The time he used to spend commuting to Joyce House he now puts to good use on his big job of honoring, but it is rumored that he still maintains a 5-point average on his Little Job.



W. ALLEN LONGSHORE, JR.

Mix Longshore with some college gossip and you have a crisis in college life. At such times, Longbeach is as bad as a crowd of old women, and Amy's gross error of allowing him to operate the switchboard merely irritates the situation. Consequently, to many, Allen is but a wart on the social corpse of Swarthmore, but to E section he is a moral blessing — neither swearing, chewing, nor imbibing spirits, and approving of but a handful of co-eds. But what a handful! Soccer and Lacrosse claim some of Allen's time but it is as fraternity rush chairman and member of every living social committee that his name will go down in history.



VIRGINIA L. LUPTON

Brilliant complexion, vivid coloring, clear blue eyes belie a reserved and quiet manner. Swarthmore on the five-yard line cannot rouse Ginny from her passive attitude toward sports. But start a good argument and Ginny's foot goes down, her eyes go white, and she is confounding everyone with her direct logic and her steady belief in her own convictions. A splash of her infectious laughter adds to her conversation. Ginny has the unusual knack of quietly pursuing her own business whether it is studying, swimming or working on Conduct Committee. Her even temperament, her quiet unexcitable manner, and her clear logical thinking prove that she is steadfast in her dislike of the ostentatious.



CHARLES STUART LYON

One of the Freshmen in whom Charlie showed considerable interest this fall Bayed us say that she never knew what went on behind those glasses. The man of mystery isn't the keynote, though; —it's bound to be something more sociable. Those of us who knew him Freshman year would say it was a habit of saying "Why?" to everything you said, and "It's been proven by tests" to everything he did. This has changed, though, and now he's the life of many a seminar discussion. A member of the 1937 firm of Buffalo Boys (Lyon & Prentice), he now manages the football squad, the Phi Delt social life, and anything else he can get his hands on.



EDWARD ARTHUR MACY

If every HALCYON has to have its mystery man, oddly enough, Macy would seem to get the palm for this year. His aura of aloof abstraction baffles the wistful mob who yearn to know him better. He keeps himself in the public eye and ear as an actor of finesse and a varsity tennis man, and it has been estimated that an Armenian family could live thirty-two and a half days solely on the proceeds of his public speaking prizes. Ed is unique among the intelligentsia in that he is not bothered by the "social question"; perhaps the hometown influence has kept him free of the cul-de-sac which beset co-education.



ADELE CONWAY MILLS

Adele, the gal with the southern drawl, is the member of the Third West gang who is always getting homesick for her Oklahoma Indians. As an English major, she manages to pull down swell grades without letting them interfere with her bridge game. Between short, spontaneous jaunts here, there, and the other place, and especially to Philly, Adele successfully holds down the Presidency of Gwimp. Then, too, she puts across that especially droll kind of humor and that element of mystery. Her most innocent remark may be fraught with heavy overtones — so watch out!



JANE LOUISE MEYER

Her sturdy German ancestors graced Jane with fortitude and equanimity. As a creative knitter producing unique garments and occasional socks, as Swarthmore's walking cook book specializing in hors d'oeuvres, she proves an honors student's accomplishments may extend way beyond studying. An ardent supporter of modern art and poetry, a reader of *Vanity Fair*, and an "A" Philosophy student, Jane ought, by all rights, to be a Swarthmore intellectual. Instead she prefers the bridge sharks of the Lodge, occasional inane conversation, and a long drag on a Camel.



KATE MEYER

It was Kate who, after a game of spit, led M Section into a frenzy of throwing cards, shredded *New York Times*, books, and scented talcum. It was Kate who ordered pink wool and got blue, and one pair of pajamas and got three "bottoms." It was Kate who wrote home for some knitting and received a hand loom! And if anyone knows the whereabouts of the green dress she lost because she can't remember what color it is, he stands a good chance of a reward! But finally Kate's name will go down in our annals as the girl who found the style of Veblen "lucid"!



PATTY F. MORRIS

"Hi, Toots," and that characteristic gesture and Patty is on the scene. Here is a cute co-ed and this much is true; she has so many men she doesn't know what to do! So she trots out each weekend from West Point to Annapolis, to Princeton, to Columbia, to Haverford, etc., etc., ad infinitum, and in between times keeps Swarthmore gasping. It's a snap course, Grace asserts, which gives Patty time to add Little Theatre, May Day, and musical work (e. g., the song for the Third West Chorus) to the above-mentioned extra-curriculars. Patty's two faults are almost too awful to mention: — SHE PUNS (Heaven forbid!) STUDIES BEFORE BREAKFAST!!!



IRVING A. MORRISSETT, JR.

Out of the wild, woolly west, Dayton, Ohio, to be exact, came big Bud Morrissett to frighten the freshman football candidates with his huge legs and soothe the fevered brow of the entrance committee with a steady succession of two point averages. As Sophomore prexy, Bud gave needed advice to adoring females, finding time also to be one of Avery's most reliable minute men, and as a sedate Junior holds the all time record for typewriting honors papers on football trips. But Bud's forte is really hitchhiking with that trip to Mexico as the climax, though we might add that he wasn't doing so badly when he dropped in at some girl's ranch for overnight and stayed two weeks.



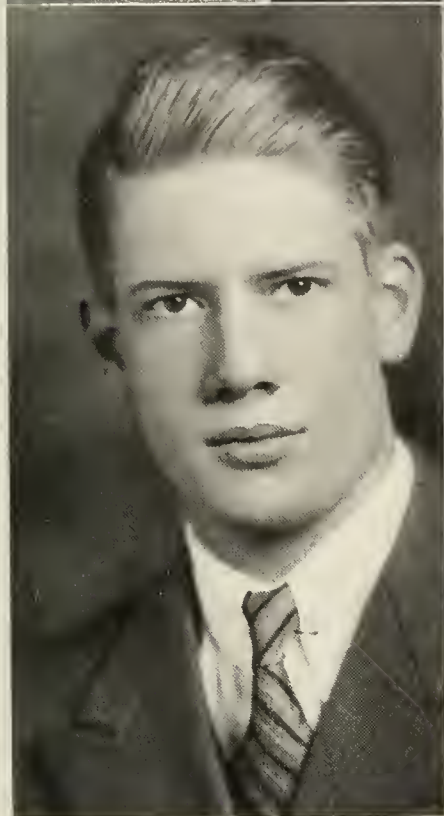
CAROL ROZIER MURPHY

Carol is one of '57's candidates for the bar. At her present rate, she will soon be an authority on international law and the League of Nations. An honors student in Poli Sci, Carol also has an interest in the arts which she keeps under control by her attentions to the field of archery. No doubt this is planned in accordance with the precept that a lawyer must keep his feet on terra firma. Quiet but purposeful, we can see her in future years, heading straight for the cold barren hills of Massachusetts to hang out her shingle in her favorite state.



JAMES A. MURPHY

Seriously, steadily, Jim slid from the wilds of Wisconsin into the dignity of Swarthmore's Junior Class. Quietly he progressed, but with a subtle ability to begin and win arguments; quietly, but with a rather astounding intellect, by the grace of which Pat Malin smiles sweetly at him over the teacups of Money and Banking seminars. But his advance has not been so quiet when, in the intimacy of B Section's barn, he engages in lusty and unprintable repartee with his roommates; or when he is involved in one of those endless but affectionate quarrels with a fair member of the alumnae contingent.



HAROLD P. NEWTON, JR.

Slowly and sleepily Fig Newton emerges from hibernation in his den of intellectual lethargy to seek occasional diversion at table parties or in Collection. Pip has always been one of the gentlemen-prefer-blondes variety, but lately he has been inwardly debating whether or not he ought to become a misogynist. After all, a man has to have some time to devote to engineering and one's harmonica. Pip is a member of Little Theatre Club and as such is one of Bea's best scene shifters. His supreme efforts, though, appear at football and basketball games, where he has earned for himself the cognomen of "Swarthmore's Blushing Cheerleader."



CLINTON BUDD PALMER

Crisp curls and a 4-H Club appearance lead one at first glance to think that Budd would have a starched personality, but the far-off look in his eyes reveals the theme of changeability and the multitudes of variations thereon. Given an inherent vagueness, he has added to it a Betting complex, which two combine quite effectively to make honors work pretty hectic. Big jobs like editorial work on HALCYON and tennis managership he gets done in spite of himself. While his racketeering jobs just don't get done. Budd is such an irresistible Adonis that women from the class of '98 to the class of '58 knit mittens and socks respectively, to keep his extremities warm and rosy.



MARGARET A. PARTON

With a graceful languid air Poggy rises late in the morning and luxuriously sips a cup of her own good coffee. Never hustle, bustle, or high-pressured efficiency for her but an Oriental ease and a quiet conscientiousness. Her hours are divided twixt harrowing moments of playing the Hamburg Show on a flageolet, recounting strange dreams, manipulating marionettes, splashing water colors, writing poetry, and browsing in the library. She takes delight in playing harmless pranks and making a joke of herself by her deft touch at wierd makeup. With long black tresses swooping to a low knot on her neck and a sack of bananas under her arm Poggy goes along her quiet easy way.



BARBARA W. PEARSON

Up with the sun and down to breakfast at 7:15, Bobbie is the super alarm clock of Second West. But she is not the early bird who gets the worm, though in her devious wanderings in quest of props she may have sought stranger creatures and articles than worms. A canter in the woods, an overnight hike, or a brisk walk out of doors expresses Bobbie's greatest interest. Only the best plays in Philly can induce her to remain long within the shelter of four walls. She has a superb collection of dogs and an immense wardrobe which would delight a mannequin. With her cute nose turned up in the breeze she dashes through life.



OLIVER PAYNE PEARSON

Paynie is a phenomenally tall figure as he stalks silently around the campus, carefully avoiding all contact with women. Known to the co-eds as strong and inscrutable, he takes no chances of becoming entangled in their fell clutches. The only Swarthmore man who has never been known to yell in the halls, or anywhere else for that matter, O. P. is an Ace on the Soccer field and Captain of Track. Amateur photographer, he decorates his room with excellent, if occasionally defaming, studies of his friends. Zoologist, he keeps as pets two small mice. Student of human nature, he is thinking of turning them loose in Collection some Tuesday night.



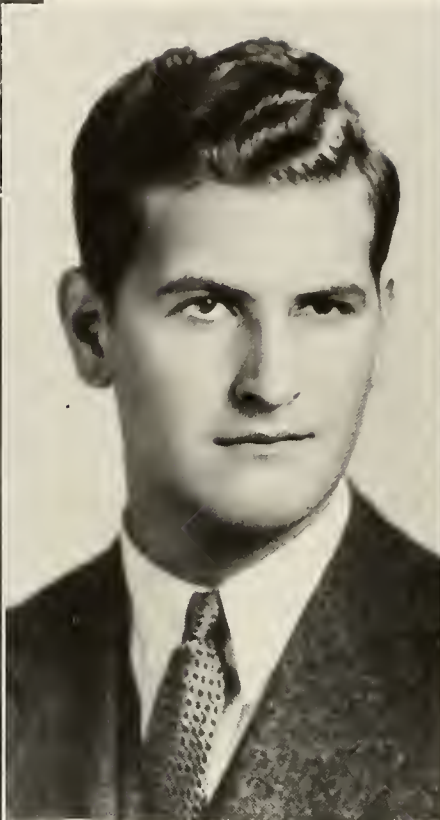
T. H. DUDLEY PERKINS

Athlete and man-about-town, perhaps Dudley exerts his greatest influence over campus life in his role of Winchell. This past-master of innuendo can lift his eyebrows in such a way that even the passing remark "Fine day!" is tinged with a distinctive Perkins flavor. Between Tuesdays Dud's literary talents evidence themselves in editing the HALCYON, though he manages to find time to do enough running around athletic fields to gain the distinction of being one of the few three-letter men of the class. Proud possessor of the sloppiest room in college, T. H. does his best to enhance his reputation by never hanging up a single article of clothing.



THOMAS BENTON PERRY

Perry takes meals at the Inglenuek, and thereby avoids the local horrors. In this way he manages to retain considerably more sensitivity to taste than most of the rest of us do, but it does keep him out of the college eye. Add to this the long hard grind that all Honors students have, and he almost seems to be a recluse amongst us. On the other hand, the fact that he is continually seen with those Inglenuek rowdies, Osbourne and Jenter, and also that he manages to emerge from his seclusion to come to table-parties, the answer is not so certain. For the final proof, his sterling qualities are mirrored in the picture above.



HUGH GORDON PELTON

"Women's Dressing Room." Things like these stare at you from every corner of "Hugh G.'s" room. A "signomaniac", you might call him. In between studies, literally casting the heaviest vote in Kwink, thinking up new ideas for a Hamburg show, playing bridge or monopoly, he concentrates on ways and means of adding to his collection of signs. And then he takes time off with his partner in fun for little practical jokes, such as getting bewildered freshmen to sign self-convicting petitions, or moving a luckless freshman's furniture from his room elsewhere. Gordon's combination of superb ratting and potential three point average is explained by pointing out that there are two Peltons: "The upper half and the bigger half."



EDWIN BURR PETTET

With bushy mane, assumed gestures that have since become natural, and a rapid speech, Ed rises as the most important figure on the more arty side of Swarthmore life. Besides his work with the Little Theatre Club which reached great heights with his production of "Waiting for Lefty", Ed directs a dramatic group in Philadelphia and is serving an apprenticeship at Hedgerow. And then there's the song that Scott Eves helped make famous in a Hamburg Show. Director, playwright, composer, pianist, and Woolmanite of three years standing, Ed majors in English when he finds time, strums on the ivories as an escape, and uses a vaudeville accent that may be Joe Penner or just Ed himself.



CAMILL J. PETER, Jr.

"Heavens, what's that?" The co-ed on the front row looks around. Dr. Koehler raises his eyebrows, smiles indulgently. There is a continued racket, as if somebody were pushing a couple of davenports down several flights of stairs. Then a moon-like face appears above the back row, and with one accord Psych I rises in its seats and howls with laughter. Buddy has upset his chair. Look for him, inevitably, in the middle of the loudest noise in college, if you can push through a score of slightly hysterical girls, surrounding him in goggle-eyed adulation. Football, Lacrosse hero, Buddy invariably has in his train countless adoring females who are ready to burst into loud roars at his customary inanities.



JOSEPHINE H. PETERS

Jo is the very blond blonde who raves on in superlatives. Everyone should have a hobby, claim some psychologists, and Joe's (although a deep dark secret) is collecting fraternity pins! She and her golf game are synonymous—both erratic and peppy. Fortified by "Mountain Creams" or an *Esquire* Jo is ready for psych or the libe. Apparently she absorbs all her knowledge by a form of osmosis through closed covers while she and Moo discuss latest conquests. Jo is one of those co-eds (supposed to be rapidly disappearing) who dances into everything full of rah-rah and enthusiasm.



LINCOLN PITTENGER

Little Pitt is one engineer who has not allowed bolts, coils, and boilers to drive him nuts. A dark and handsome young man with none of the sinister connotations, Pitt is a popular figure on the dance floor and he probably finds the lack of a phone in his Phi Sig abode a trifle hard on his Worth and Parrish calls. Meanwhile engineering honors seminars do not deter Pitt when Spring comes 'round, for he is a faithful lacrosseite and an ardent devotee of Swarthmore's wooded environs—never unaccompanied. Talking about the aesthetic reminds us that he's from Brooklyn with an accent a la Swarthmore Beach.



MARY DORIS PHILLIPS

Murry is one of that gay and noisy bunch that barges in to Swarthmore from Lansdowne every day. Her excuse is a desire to speak in three whole languages. However, possessing a particularly prized frat pin, she has to spend some of her precious moments blossoming out at Penn. Murry has earned a reputation as a slow eater and unfortunately for her, the speed doesn't cut down the amount. Also she is one of the threesome who recently set out with the firm and well-intentioned purpose of becoming typical American golfers. We wonder what happens to her philosophy of life, exemplified by the expression "simply grand"! when her stroke goes awry.



VINCENT POLIFRONI, Jr.

Polly is the boy whose arduous cheerleading seems to have made the color in his sweater run. You also see him as Fowler's successor, stepping about in front of the band looking like Sousa, the only difference being that Sousa never wore one of those gorgeous garnet capes. Health and nerves permitting. Vince performs capably with a deep bass voice in glee club and chorus, and, on extraordinary occasions, *alone!* He is suspected of misusing said voice in his struggles with the big Cadillac of a Women's Formal evening. Fortunately, his favorite expressions are Italian; unfortunately, he puns in English.



J. ARCHER POTTINGER

Introducing the founder of Swarthmore's beef-trust, Rosy Arch, the smiling seraph of the Class of 1937. Never insignificant, Archy has achieved not only prominence but fame. The first of his accomplishments which have contributed to his present exalted position is his supply of snappy comebacks. Having awakened to the fact that there was a wit in its midst, the college next discovered a potential Don Juan, when, having achieved a complete mastery of *la danse*, Archy took his instructress in this, the most graceful of arts, to a table-party. Then there was that Kwink initiation, and now Pott croons on the Quad Thursday nights. Yes, Archer is outstanding in more ways than one.



WILLIAM C. PRENTICE

Every fall, the freshman women look at Prentice, and their little eyes (or should we say big eyes) go round and round. Here is the kind of college man mother told them to look for. With squeals of joy they discover that he plays football, acts, writes a column for the *Phoenix*, belongs to Kwink, runs the college social life, and still maintains his sense of humor. Fortunately for their peace of mind, they fail to see his sinister grip on most of the undercover college rackets (laundry, for instance). They never get on the receiving end of one of those didactic philosophical arguments in which he glories. Let them keep their illusions!



CARROLL B. PRICE, JR.

Despite the influence of D2, Barney has survived three years of tough engineering. Last summer he broke his leg slipping into what he thought was second base in a cow pasture baseball game. Mounted on crutches, New Hope's hope was the subject of the usual feminine admiration applied to athletic lame ducks. The leg's healed now: What Price Glory! During sophomore year Barney ran a rhythm room in Wharton Hall; to complete the picture of utter futility, his own contribution to music consists of a pair of lungs that supply the French horn with dirges at gridiron defeats. A lacrosse major in the Spring, Barney is described by his friends as a good natured cuss all year round.



DONALD H. PURCELL

For a transfer student to make a name for himself in one semester is difficult; but Don did with a short story in the first issue of the *Manuscript*. And he walked right into honors work in English without missing a step. Because of his avowed affinity for out-of-the-way people and places, he doesn't move in the conventional circles. By the way, you may have thought that Don is a somnambulist. But the only event in proof of it happened last Fall at breakfast when an obliging fellow student slipped up behind Don and said "Boo." Don was thankful; after all, you can't eat breakfast while asleep.



FRANCES S. REED

Fran has a yen for excitement, for just crowds of people, and a love or repartee which appears at very unexpected times and places. We can easily understand Dr. Brooks' extreme horror when meek little Miss Reed ardently informed him that she was all for capital punishment. A major in Poli Sci, Fran delights in considering how she will solve economic and political problems when she gets to be President, but she doesn't let her studying get her down. We suspect that this is due to the very evident co-operation of a fellow classman, also interested in the solution of social problems.



JOHN MUIRHEAD RICE

The younger half of the famous pair of campus smoothies, Jack has nevertheless won back-breaking laurels of his own. A day student with none of the usual elusiveness of the commuter, this Main Liner is well-known in collection as the Swarthmore originator of the flying standstill and other chiropractic steps. In the Spring, Jack's fancy turns, among other things, to lacrosse, and he wields a wicked stick with the junior garnets. This year there has been no college object of his affections, but 'tis rumored that he makes frequent trips into one of the neighboring towns. Yes, we've hit it on the Dot. Jack's love lies not Dormant.



MARGARET A. RHOADS

Maybe you've forgotten *The Old Ox Road*, but you can't have forgotten Oxie. As the member of that rip-snorting Third West gang who can make more noise than any one else, she is distinguished to say the very least. She's always around looking for stray books, stray acquaintances, stray gossip. A bridge fiend, she spends her time in the Lodge because she has a phobia: she's afraid of becoming an intellectual. According to the best authorities, she's got length but not strength. Under protest, our Oxie is honoring in history. Personally, we think her real interest is in historians.



CHRISTINE ROBINSON

This is Christine Robinson. She is really a Senior but we made a slight error and never found it out until too late. Now of course the honorable thing to do would be to take Miss Robinson out of the Junior section and put her where she belongs but we would have had to insert a non-existent Junior whose name begins with Rob. Then, b' gad, we would have to cut up the Senior plates from R on and then—oh my gawd what a mess. All this would cut deeply into the editor's salary to the tune of about \$80 and although we think Christine is a great girl—well, you can see how it is.



EDWIN PHILIPS ROME

Armed with more than his share of that attribute of great men, a temper, Ed raises the dickens when anything gets in his way. He is willing to go cheerfully along, smiling at people and calling freshmen by their first names, until somebody crosses his path and interferes with his terrifying efficiency. For in spite of all his honoring in English, Ed is a business man at heart, and his methods are both brutal and effective as a result of those periodic outbursts of wrath, which cow opposition into silence. He's frightened his way into the office of business manager of practically every organization in school which wants to cut down on the red ink bills.



BARTON W. ROPE

This tall gentleman bearing a decided resemblance to Mephistopheles has run far from Wharton and the maddening crowd this year to partake of the dubious privileges of the day students. Besides studying to be a chemist, Bart is learning the art of perfect butlery at the expense of the Inglenuek patrons. Like the rest of the tea room boys, Bart has no mean vocal ability, as evidenced, for example, in glee club concerts and the Hamburg Show quartet. Sincere and straightforward to the point where it used to pain Pitt and Ernie, Bart has won for himself the respect of all who know him, and the monicker of "Honest Bart Rope."



ISABEL HOLLY ROSS

With a flourish, trumpets, overturned chairs, and a stream of peanut shells enter Holly to Lodge, seminar, or Collection. But wherever it is she's always speaking a monologue either in the Irish brogue she cultivated as Pegeen Mike or in her own Brooklyn accent. Arriving in a blaze of glory from her native city, by the end of freshman week she had written a revised plan for frosh placement program. Then, in a burst of humanity, she decided to give her life to the W. S. G. A. Although she slept through part of her Gwimp initiation, she has now awakened to lead the Gwimp songbirds in their attempt "to lend a hand where wrongs are to be righted."



ELIZABETH B. ROWLAND

Betty's answer to everything is, "I don't know!"—but we rather think she does except as to what clothes to don, a problem usually left up to a despairing roommate. A weakness for collecting picture frames and stray copies of the *New York Times* is balanced only by Bet's hazardous habit of losing her belongings. Perhaps the whereabouts of her possessions is the problem which weighs so heavily on her mind when her resounding footsteps betray the fact that she is pacing the floor again. Betty has an alarmingly overdeveloped funny bone, as a direct result of her membership in the L. Section Giggle Triumvirate.



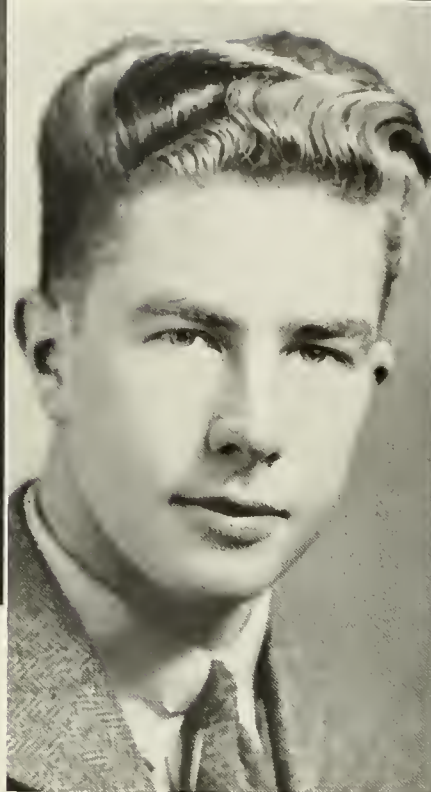
ELEANOR RUSSELL

True to good Teutonic tradition Eleanor's chief interests are in music and cooking; so she chirps away in the Chorus and slings together the kind of chocolate cakes that started the old adage about men's hearts. In fact she's a dangerous manipulator of the mixing bowl, for 'tis said that four proposals once resulted from just one Russell concoction! Probably the best undergraduate cook on campus, she collects recipes instead of poetry, teapots instead of dogs, and seems to bring home the marks as well. However she is not one of our sophisticated intellectuals, being a member of that most naive L. Section bunch. This doesn't worry Eleanor, though, for she'd rather be building misty castles in Spain anyway.



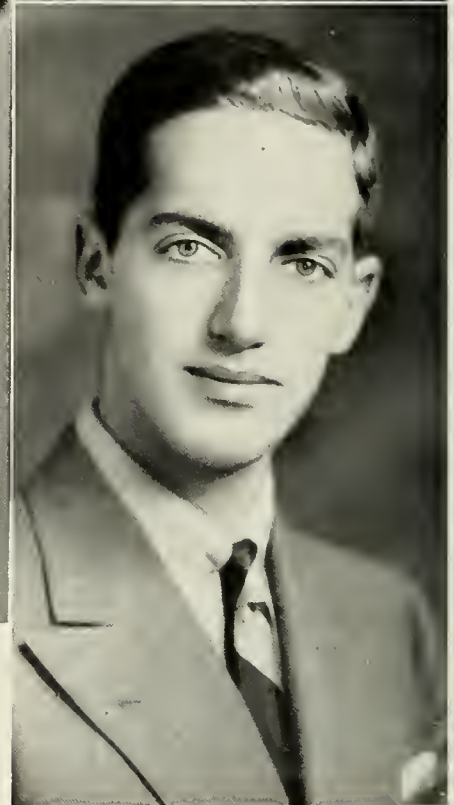
ALAN HERMAN SALM

An operator of the college radio station and an active member of the Radio Club, Salmie once effectively broadcasted Buzz's marriage, much to Papa S.'s surprise. And as a fresh and sensitive frosh from the wilds of Indiana, Alan provided the boys of B Section with a hilarious year at the expense of his own equilibrium. Although Pat is his shepherd, this psalm always wants to devise bigger and better South Sea Bubbles at those morning money and banking tomato juices. Quite adept as a driver (provided the engine is started for him) and well known for his distaste for Mickey Mouse, Alan will merge his talents for Evanville's Salm Brothers — cloaks, suits, lingerie.



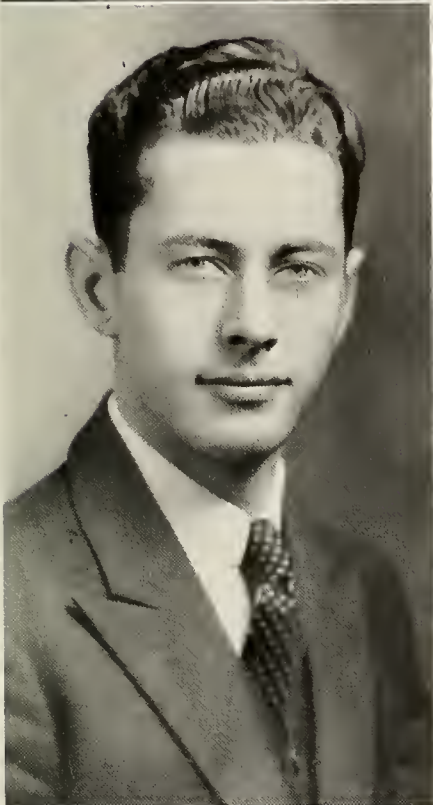
EUGENE M. SCHAFFRAN

Preoccupation and an almost complete self-sufficiency seem to set Mort a little apart from the common horde of less purposeful millers and jostlers. A little awe-inspiring too is his exalted position of chief amanuensis to Mac-Leod, as the price of selling his soul to psychology. He further distinguishes himself as an actor, southpaw pitcher, and debater, in which occupation, by the way, we pause to wonder what the Philadelphians and Bea Beach, respectively, think of his glo(t)tal stop as a means to effective self-expression. How did anybody with such an aversion to work ever get himself into so many things? Somewhere during the last two years his sales-resistance must have weakened.



ABE SCHLESINGER, II

If it is some practical joke that borders on the theoretical, or noisy night such as is now common in old degenerate Wharton since the seniors crossed the railroad tracks, Buzz is surely involved. Kwinkman, one of '37's best freshman diamond gifts to Dunnye, Buzz entered economics honors to catch up on his beauty sleep, but it is pretty obvious that Pat has kept him on the ball. A lion with the more Parrishable and Worthy side of college, Buzz was a victim of a matrimonial press board scoop last year, but has returned to school still eligible.



RAYMOND G. SCHROEDER

Owner of the cutest smile in college, Ray is known in local circles as the Dorothy Dix of I Section. An aesthete, he has a keen appreciation of Nature which expresses itself in long springtime walks in Crum, and during the lesser seasons in deep sighs which punctuate his communions with Morpheus. Shorty excels in sports, manly and otherwise, from figuring as a fifty-mile-an-hour flash on the soccer field to winning the sobriquet of Scourge of the Faculty on the chess team. In spite of the hours of activity, he yet finds time, as junior member of the Taylor-Schroeder-Oehlmann trio, to add his bit to the Company's scholarly reputation (see 1936 HALCYON).



IRVING S. SCHWARTZ

Prexie once said that if a Nobel prize were given for college editorials, Irv would deserve to get it. Editor of the *Phoenix*, debater, member of the Executive Committee of M. S. G. A., and a wide-awake press boarder, Irv has won a niche for himself in the sphere of the intellectual besides. A consistent three point man during his first two years, Irv has translated his ability into political science honors. An idealist with a good stock of practicability, and a pedant with a sense of humor, Irv condescends to the foibles of our learned halls and admits an interest in Mrs. Blanchard's half of Swarthmore's troubles.



WILLIAM TAUSSIG SCOTT

With his ruffled mousey hair and distinctive nose Bill left Haverford in quest of the feminine touch. Since then he has endowed Swarthmore with his excellent mind, his hard and accurate work, and the I. Fixit Company. With "Handbook of Chemistry and Physics" always before him he takes a scientific view of life. There is no stopping his dissertations on weighty subjects. In arguing his equanimity is upset to the degree that his speech comes in sharp staccatos. Interest in peace and athletics takes him on parades and on the soccer field. Though he has a subtly humorous appreciation of life and jokes, the scientific and orderly predominantly and seriously direct Bill's life.



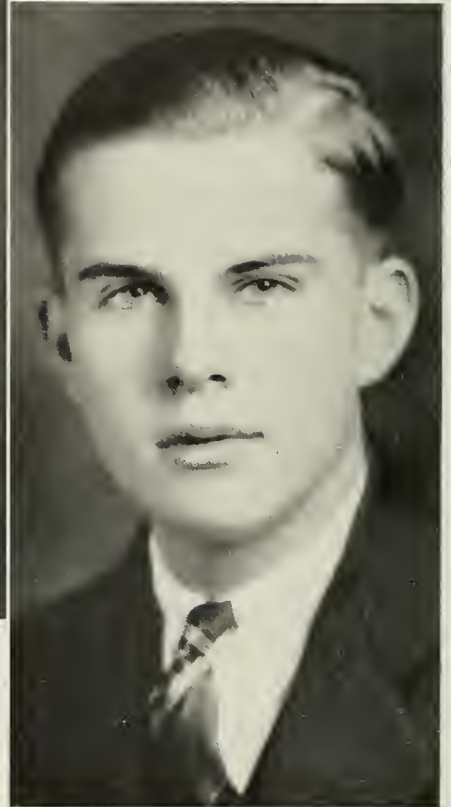
JOSEPH SELLIGMAN

A quiet smile suggests that Joe is getting deep enjoyment out of life. His occasional bits of sly humor, his poetry written in a satiric vein about materialistic sweethearts and broken-down Fords testify to it. Even the precarious angle at which he carries his head when dancing proves he is alert to the amusing about him. A Southern gentleman who gets his ten hours of sleep and innumerable naps a day he accomplishes honors work, speech-making, Editorship of the *Manuscript*, peace-caravanning. Slow to express himself, he approaches subjects from a profoundly philosophical, unique point of view. A quiet thoughtful literary atmosphere allowing many hours of repose and full play for his mellow sense of humor would be Joe's ideal habitat.



RUTH ANNA SHOEMAKER

Duly infamous for her punning abilities, Shoey bubbles through college. Her athletic prowess, the class team pride and joy, and her valiant Gwimping testify to her indomitable energy and exuberant interest. Impartial in sharing her high spirits, she favors not only "Swarthmorons" but also the rival Haverfordians with her beaming countenance. Cheerful, chuckling, chummy champion of the day-student charlatans, she invaded the Fourth West sanctum last spring. Last summer she scanned Hitler's country from the tremendous heights and luxuries of a bicycle seat and did great things for her own especial version of his language.



ERWIN F. SHRADER

Bud's uncombed hair and unpressed pants present a perpetual temptation to Adolph and Harris & Co., respectively. Being a physicist, however, leaves no time for anything which doesn't produce definite and lasting results. This practical turn of mind has even invaded his duties as chief electrician in Little Theatre Club. He does his job by making all the would-be's splice wires and struggle with gelatines while he sits back and pushes buttons and gets his name in the *Phoenix*. Bud has a rare capacity for combining business with pleasure; he does his studying sitting on the curbstone in front of Brick House.



GEORGE WILEY SINGISER

It has been said that they put a frosh in his room to liven up the frosh, and that the tables were turned and Singiser was toned down. But to tone down his ardor would still leave him far above the others. Tedious hours spent on the books for Honors seminars can't do it, nor can any amount of dissapointments, for he's an invincible optimist. If George once gets behind something it is bound to go over with a bang. Much of the success of "Waiting for Lefty", Kwink pep rallies, and general pep at athletic games can all be traced back to him.



ROBERT M. SKETCHLEY

An aesthetic from his sideburns to his beautifully manicured toe-nails, Sketch puts in the time he has left between art galleries and the opera in designing costumes for Little Theatre Club productions and in raising the roof with the rest of the boys of A-2. Roommate of the notorious Peter boys, Skatchl attempts to keep a paternal eye on their activities, but his efforts are rather ineffectual. When the atmosphere becomes too sulphurous for his artistic soul, he seeks refuge under a great stack of books in the Friends Library, where he sometimes manages to get in as many as five hours of good, solid sleep.



CONSTANCE I. SMITH

Why should a gal with Connie's sleek, sophisticated exterior persist in always talking baby talk? Well, it seems the combination is infallible for, in spite of her "But gee, I was only five minutes late," she has to contribute some tidy sums to the W. S. G. A. Committees and studies occupy a morsel of her time, but listening to Eddie Stone and all the other rhythm men is an occupation not to be neglected. Then there is time spent in strolls to the druggie, to the libe, to the lodge, and—well, just strolls!



FRANKLIN R. SMITH

Staying in the seclusion of exclusive Woolman House, Pete is rarely seen wasting his time; that doesn't mean he doesn't appear every Tuesday night in Collection and disappear every Friday night after the T. P. — we said "wasting his time." He began school as a pre-dentistry major, but it turned out to be a trifle arduous, and now his interests are more diversified. If you follow him to his Elm Avenue Sanctum he'll probably be found either tying one of those cute bow ties he wears, or rambling through a long story about yawls and ketches, and the coasts of Maine.



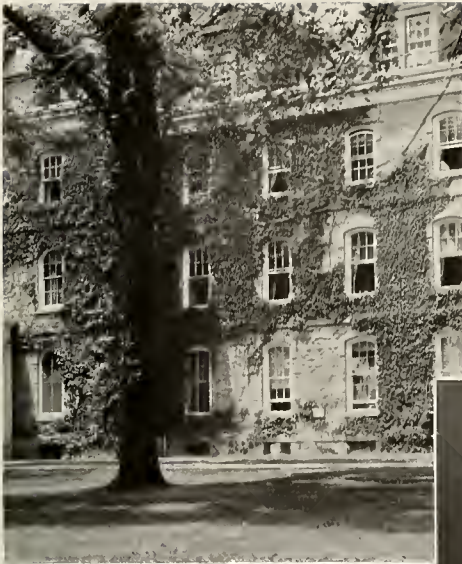
MANNING AMISON SMITH

Noisy member of the D-2 crowd, Manning is one of those fortunate men who are pointed out to freshman women by their big sisters as being cute and a beautiful dancer. A chivalrous interest in butter leads him out for long walks in the evening, but last year it was not so, and before the heart interest arose, he drove everyone crazy with the syncopatory measures that echoed across the quad. He goes out for Track in a big way, and is the team's two-mile standby. A well-rounded collegian, Manning is hot stuff all over the campus — even in the Science buildings which are the nemesis of so many of our athletes.



MARTHA LOUISE SMITH

To her friends she is known as the girl who has a mania for tripping people, but to us she is Marty Smith, another pre-med and a necessity to rougher and tougher hiking with the Outing Club. Most of her day is spent hibernating some place in the Zoo building. But Marty's hibernations are only temporary, for she's only too evident playing two or three other people's positions on her class hockey team and making the biggest and splashiest racing dives for the honor of '37. As a bridge player, Marty shoots a swell game of golf. As a philosopher, her attitude may be summed up in the statement that she just doesn't give a damn.



WILLIAM FRANCIS SMITH

In the comparative seclusion afforded by the library, Dayton's Pretty Boy seeks escape from the horde of frivolous females consistently at his heels. Here he buries himself deep in economics in an effort to forget that he was once an engineer and that way back in the fall there was a women's table party he didn't make. Bill's social and academic consciences permit him relaxation in the form of Kwink, and the spring finds him in the role of lacrosse manager. In re extra-non-curricular activities, nobody has yet discovered whether his method of hitch-hiking is the Cable or the Colbert, but it proved quite successful last summer in defying the Mexican police.



THOMAS F. SPENCER

Tom is either going to be a civil engineer, lawyer, corporation manager, mining engineer, or something else. At the moment he's an Economics honors major. But he may change before you finish reading this. His roommates say he "works like a," taking two seminars and about three courses outside. Tom takes great pride in his muscularity which is expressed, among other ways, as a varsity trackman. His friends used to call him "Ten Percent"; they claimed his muscular prowess was "ten percent" of whatever he said. Possibly Tom will settle down some time. As he says, "Even a blind pig will find an acorn now and then."



F. PALIN SPRUANCE, JR.

Tall, persistently smiling, Sunny is everybody's friend. He doesn't say much, and spends his time looking as if he were a little amused at everything that is going on, but if you ever want to get helped out of a mess, go to Sunny and he will "yes" or "no", and nothing else, and you will feel much better. To those who know him only as a menacingly efficient tackle, idol of half the girls in school because of his athletic prowess, it seems incredible that he might also have a mind, but, surprisingly, he does. And to people who see him dancing, it's hard to picture him in Chem Lab, but he's really quite masterful at breaking beakers.



WALTER STAAKS

Walt is the perpendicular French major who reversed Horace Greeley's advice and came east after a year at San Diego College. He has since gone the way of all C's, admits that he likes the library, and gets an average in the ticklish environs of three point. Perhaps that mental equipment has frightened most of us, since Walt claims that he's been trying to play chess for two years, but can't get a game. But he's not of the tall silent type; an inveterate hedging better, he's especially vociferous before all college games. As for the feminine side of his social makeup, Walt confesses that he's getting his money's Worth.



WILLIAM STEVENS

"And he looks so sweet and harmless." Thus did an innocent co-ed describe our Willy, the Wild Man of E Section, after hearing of one of his numerous exploits. For Willy is our Wild Man extraordinaire and to prove this he always travels bedecked in his Sunday best with a suitcase in one hand and a sledgehammer in the other. He also owns a brace of pistols to complete the armory, but it's the sledgehammer that is the root of all evil. When he's not breaking down doors, or taking pot-shots at his room-mates, Steve studies a little French and even casts an eye toward Parrish.



MARGARET H. STICHLER

Sticky's that gay, excited, breathlessly enthusiastic Second Wester who goes in for music, bridge, reading, and the finer things in life in a big way. When she isn't listening enraptured to a symphony concert, Sticky works off her excess energy bicycling or roller skating. Don't let her fool you, however, for underneath that emotional surface, she's really quite practical and efficient in managing the circulation end of *Manuscript*, doing social work at the House of Industry, and last, but not least, majoring in Poli Sci. Ever heard Sticky holding forth in a telephone conversation in German? It's rare—but don't get excited, folks, it's probably only her father.



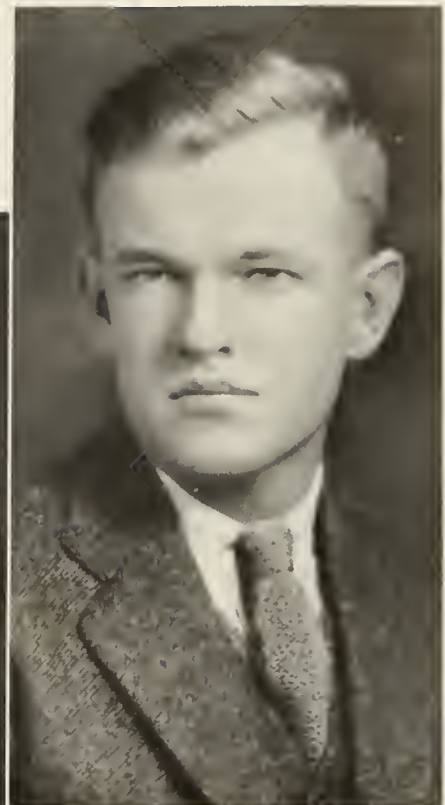
ELIZABETH BOYD STILZ

Whether it's attending a Gwimp activity, delving back to Plato's time for material for the Classical Club, or bothering her friends by investigating their private lives for the HALYCON, Betty manages to be on top in all. An Indiana farm girl who has become a Political Science honors student, her chief fault seems to be bureau drawers in a continual state of confusion. A passion for newspaper clippings is equaled only by an inordinate desire for hoarding scraps of paper. An inveterate Second Wester, Betty's room is famous for its occupant, its radio, bull sessions,—and food.



RICHARD JAMES STORR

Dick admits that his one great interest is the frontier, and the fact that the poor thing has disappeared does not seem to deter Dick's advocacy of it. A history honorsman with the comfortable mien of one who knows all about kings, presidents, and domestic life in the Sixth century, Dick wears a sweater a la Freddie and shares the Yaleman's passion for New England and "so forth and so forth and so on." Meanwhile Dick divides his time between track, the library, defending his home town, and sitting in on every course from architecture to moral philosophy.



GORDON STRAKA

Gordon is either half asleep all of the time or else he's trying to camouflage his 2.5 records. In spite of the fact that he started out as an exceedingly quiet and backward Freshman you'd never know it now. He's quiet, yes, but give him a good debate or any chance to call upon his oratorical powers and he'll really go to town. Not blessed with undue energy himself, he certainly can make others step, as tryouts for soccer manager will attest. Let's hope that his lawyer goal is reached!



LEONARD F. SWIFT

Despite the fact that he has a hard time swearing off things, Len has proved himself a rock of stabilization in Wharton. Counsellor in a camp during the summer, Len emerged this year as the only one able to keep order among the frisky frosh in their B Section Bedlam. A lusty trumpeter within and without the gates of Swarthmore's gridiron Jerichos, Len devotes his less windy moments to photography. Then theres' that cool complacency that may be chalked up to history honors, that good old Yankee stock, or his patient disregard of the more disturbing element in our social life.



CHARLES I. TAGGART

Chuck is one of those boys who seem to get the maximum results with the minimum of work. In engineering honors with the added distinction of Sigma Tau, Chuck takes time out to slum in D2 and spend all his spare hours reading magazines. Running true to engineering tradition, he plays lacrosse with the junior garnets, and in true he-man fashion enjoys a noisy Saturday at home in D2 in place of the more sober events of collection hall. Chuck's free week-ends are apt to be spent in Jenkintown, where a fair one remains faithful; but then there's no real competition at Beaver.



RICHARD C. THATCHER

Dick is one of the crazy D Section crowd. An engineer, he makes his share of noise and proves his masculinity by weekly trips to Chester, where he reviews the local features. A blonde gentleman, he prefers brunettes, whether they are in Chester or Princeton. But Thatch usually can't remember what happened on those weekends, which may or may not be the result of amnesia. He further proves his masculinity by going out for football in the autumn, but as yet the results of those experiments have not been as striking as the other ones. He goes out for Lacrosse, too, and sometimes he studies—but not too often.



ANN BRADLEE VAN BRUNT

Brunny, the red headed prophet of Third West, gives her pals plenty to think about with her soliloquies on the weakness of the world, which she believes is headed straight for disaster. Way back when she roomed with Jackson, those twain made their home-life interesting by throwing pillows out of windows and scrapping over all and sundry things. In those days Brunny's attention was centered on air-mail and aviators. Right now her major interest is Union College and her minors — her various Scalyham terriers, whose virtues she is always extolling, and a charter membership in the Lodge Lizards.



THEO. E. VELTFORT, JR.

Last year Ted read a certain *Atlantic Weekly* article and decided to desert Princeton's classic portals for "a small Quaker college under the able direction of President Aydelotte." Despite the fact that he wears a black shirt, Ted talks of class struggles, Internationales, bewhiskered commissars, and other anathemas of the D. A. R. This combines with his physics major and the rumors about his genius to make him a full-fledged resident of Woolman House. Ted has adjusted himself quickly in other ways too, and he doesn't Cara bit who knows it.



MINA WATERMAN

A wide-eyed look of innocence, a funny remark at the wrong moment and Mina is at it again. With her vivid expressions and slightly dramatic air she is a fast and clever conversationalist. A great appreciator of music she expertly manages Dresden's musicales and helps with the chorus. Tea in Mina's room served from her prized tea set while one sits in the most comfortable chairs in Worth and admires her old jewelry and her collection of French children's books is always a special occasion. The atmosphere is enlivened by Mina's emphatically declaring her definite likes and dislikes, her love of French and music in general, her antipathy to sweaters and Bach in particular.



FRANCIS WILLIAM WEEKS

From all appearances Fran would pass for the Benito Cellini of his class and the connoisseur of freshman women; however, he does have his serious moments—especially when asleep in the Main library or during his nocturnal campus wanderings. But to do him full justice we must mention the medal he has for winning a Freshman-Sophomore debate, his affinity for the libe and Honors seminars, the *Manuscript* which he business manages and assists edit, his exercises on the grid field, and his indispensable position of custodian of the victrola records at table parties.



BARBARA E. WEISS

Since the president of H. M. P. has left our "campus fair" one might expect Bobby to have a lot of time on her hands. But there are, it appears, other people who have claims on her time. If the Social Committee wants a novel idea for decorations for the next dance, if Bea Beach needs a striking stage set, if Mr. Bowen wishes to display Swarthmore's female riding talent, if a Kwinker must have a poster for the next pep rally, Bobby is the one first consulted. Her motto is "Be yourself." When yourself happens to be an easy going, expansive mid-westerner, it's a dog-gone good idea.



ANN E. WHITCRAFT

"Yo, my little cup cake!"—and it's Fuzzy again (Brother Fuzzy Brain of the great heavy camp brotherhood) with the accumulated stories of many summers at camp and an equal readiness to laugh at any one's else pet yarn. Said to have stepped on a tiny ant by mistake early in life, in atonement Ann has pledged herself to a life of gentleness, charity and self-effacement; her original brutish nature is now seen only in her violent onslaughts on the hockey field, for heavy defense on the basketball court, and in the lousy puns she includes in her *On Other Campi Phoenix* features.



KATHARINE M. WHITE

When she's not working off a passion for dancing, listening to Hal Kemp, or designing a new wardrobe, Kay keeps the rest of Third West on their toes to catch her subtle cracks. Without making much fuss about it, she gets a big kick out of everything and not even botany or Little Theatre makeup work can upset that perpetual equilibrium of her's. Appearances are often deceiving, but don't be fooled, for Kay is really a kid at heart. Give her a snow-storm to fool around in, a chance to get a smooth suntan, or a fast game of tennis and she's in seventh heaven. Ever try to get her sore? Don't bother, it's impossible.



MURIEL BARNETT WHITE

Hat perched on the back of her head, portfolio (containing love letters and maybe a few class notes) clutched under her arm, Moo scurries across campus from Bond to the Cloisters in pursuit of knowledge. But after she does get to her classes, she gives up the chase and draws pictures of the pros! Her artistic ability goes even further than that. Moo has actually signed a contract to paint murals for a beer garden. As for dancing, she spent weeks sitting through every show of "Top Hat" trying to steal Astaire's stuff. Lastly, to satisfy her public, Moo has condescended to start a book, "Moo and Nitti in Paris or How to Get Along on Two Francs."



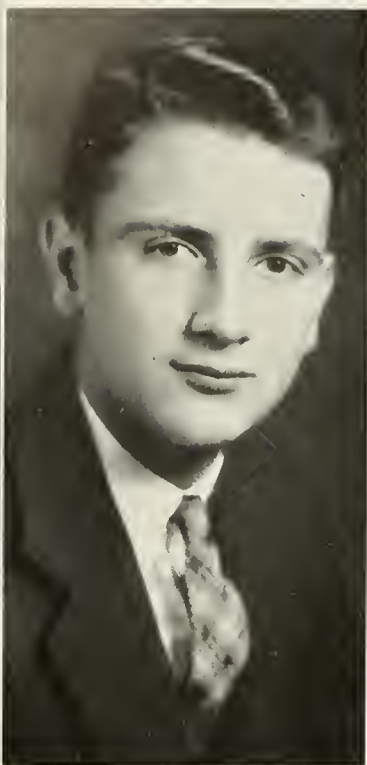
EMILY WHITMAN

An almost painful Bostonese restraint, to say nothing of correspondingly proper ideas, marked Emily's first year at Swarthmore. Then she migrated to California. Just what happened we do not know but the ice melted and now we have her back with us a bit less prim and a bit more talkative. Still very much the excellent student without any apparent effort, she is honoring in Political Science and directing her surplus energies toward dramatics and the French Club. Foreign shores and their accompanying attractions intrigue this lady, so some day expect to see her as Ambassador Whitman in Vienna or Paris.



S. L. WICKENHAUSER

It is impossible to think of Sid without remembering the dark brown sunburns he acquires in Florida every Christmas vacation, as well as the low golf scores he brings back with him. But such skill isn't confined to the southern extremities of this country, as our golf team claims a great number of them. Quite contrary to all prep schoolers, he still flaunts a quiet disposition. Whether or not Honors has done that is hard to tell, but we do know that nothing has interfered with his terpsichorean prowess, for all the girls acclaim him as one of the best dancers in school.



FRED J. WIEST

A small, dark gentleman who sells newspapers on the sly, Fred has managed to keep his reputation for silence and more or less intelligent behavior despite the loud and unusually unintelligent surroundings of D-2, where he resides without raising the usual racket which therefrom emanates. He manages to retain enough sanity, in fact, to exert his managerial ability on the baseball diamond. Being a cordial soul, he smiles incessantly, but whether from mere amiability or desire to show off those toothpaste advertisement teeth of his, nobody knows. Be that as it may, Fred is a joyous soul, and though he doesn't smoke that well-known brand, he seems to be perpetually mouth happy.



ISABEL L. WILDE

Izzie's the girl of a thousand moods and ideas! With all intentions for a gay vacation she will suddenly suffer qualms of conscience and return to school a day early to write up a note book. In one of her more serious moments she suddenly discovered she had no minor subject at all, but such a detail did not overwhelm her. She then turned her attentions to a great ball she decided to give for Third West. (Second West was simply defied to sleep!) With radio blaring all trooped to her room for an evening of dancing, with stag line 'n' everything! Here's the "secret" of this "best-dressed" girl—she's a Sigma Chi Sweetheart!



CAROLYN WOOD

An honored member of the D. W. O. A. (the Delta Woopsalon Omega Alphus of hockey camp) Carolyn is not only a fair but an athletic co-ed! As captain she imparts the victory spirit to the basketball team. As class secretary and in the A. A. Council she lets off her executive steam. Although she is not professional as yet, Carolyn's terpsichorean arts are indeed memorable since she is one of the Third West Chorus and has created the "gorilla hop." In spite of being a conscientious student with regular hours in the libe, she is always popping up with her silly giggle. Her chief dread is that someone will find out she is the image of Stan Laurel!



JOHN H. WOOD, JR.

If it's a project for canvassing the village for peace, managing a community chest fund, or doing committee work for the Young Friends' Movement, the job just naturally falls on Johnny. A practical idealist with a zest for getting things done, Johnny has won a firm place in the more serious activities of the campus. Managing editor of the *Phoenix*, and peace caravaner in Iowa last summer, John seems headed, with his economics major, for some type of public office. But it's not all movements for him. There's always a pretty partner on the dance floor. And then there must be something in Langhorne that pulls Johnny home week-ends. It must be the chickens.



CYRUS FOSS WOOD

Cy is a quiet member of that intellectual group opposing Brick House, where they (meaning those in Woolman) talk of ions, octane, variable equations, and symphonic concerts. Like most Woolmanites, Cy's a scientist—an engineer with a special interest in physics. A member of the radio club and an amateur photographer of note, Cy spends a good deal of his time in the ether waves or in his improvised dark room. But it is rumored that everything is not dark or ethereal in his existence, since he is a familiar figure on the dance floor and an ardent advocate of mixed tables for dinner or any other time.



CAROLYN M. YERKES

Carolyn and room-mate Jane were seen toting their huge pink bottle around so frequently that they were in short order benevolently termed the "Lavoris Twins." Furthermore, she's the wench who drags the girls out of bed at four A. M., for as fire captain, the drills are the only thing she ever attends on time! Being a chem major she obviously believes in the conservation of energy. But in spite of an undying rep for lack of speed and promptitude, Carolyn shoves in food like a football player, collects gadgets of every description, fixes flashlights, radios, and such mechanical devices, and defends the works of Louisa May Alcott against all of Swarthmore's galloping intellectuals!



DREW MacK. YOUNG

Drew combines his own smooth sartorial taste with a direct interest in the tailoring business. A veteran member of that mob of junior agents that takes delight in sudden rain, wet freshman parties, and other trends toward creaseless pants, Drew has become known and liked by all of those whose privacy he regularly violates. But whether he becomes a rain-maker, a vest magnate, or an English prof (and his ears are evidence of academic distinction) Drew will carry with him his ready wit and sincerity—two traits that even make him welcome when he comes in on a coat-hanger calling for the things you spilled the gravy on.

JOHN ANDREW MOFFET

There must be something very settling about engineering. Jack is one whom engineering honors has converted from a frisky frosh to a pipe smoking, philosophic junior. One of the most popular of Uncle George's dabblers in construction, Jack cuts a mean pattern on the collection floor. During freshman year, Jack displayed two glorious subjects for beefsteak in the form of darkened optics which he had won in touch football. He also breaks engineering tradition by his rapid line and his ability as an intercollegiate debater. One year he helped direct a boy scout troop in the vill. He must be a philosopher for that, and an optimistic one too.



Swan Dive



Conduct



Bodies Beautiful



Students



Pensive



Junior Picnic



HELEN SOLIS-COHEN

Take a passion for neatness, gobs of friends, incessant bridge-playing, incredible marks, a long, long line and you have Helen. Add to this a stubborn argumentative streak, honors work, and an extensive knowledge of Political Science, and you have a lady soon sure to become one of our more promising young lawyers. Versatile and energetic, her talents here have found outlet in writing conduct committee notices and HALCYON work — and much week-ending. A friendly gal with dates galore, many of which seems to cause frequent trips to both Haverford and Penn, Helen is one of the few filthy capitalists we heartily approve of!



Feet



Student



Track Star



Philosopher



Nitti



Cog and Spack



FIRST SEMESTER OFFICERS

FRASER

CARROLL

WELTMAR

BOOTH

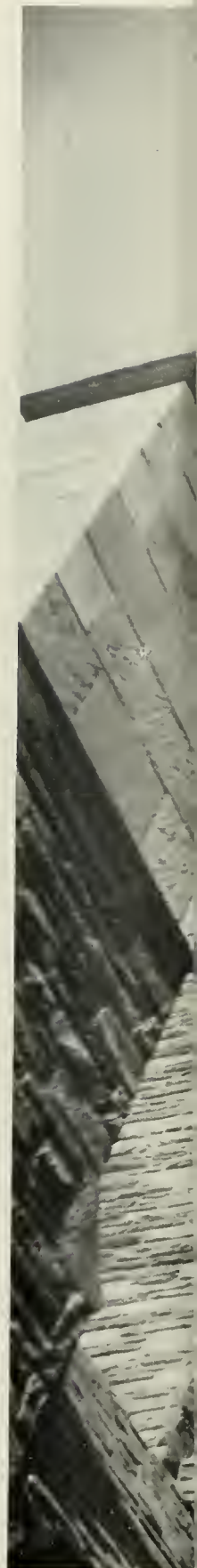
SECOND SEMESTER OFFICERS

LANGE

TAPLEY

WEAVER

HERRICK





S O P H O M O R E S

what's sinclair doing on the soph page? anyway sal and the princeton smoothie are in the right spot.—well, well, look at the mother superior preaching a virtuous life to the nunnery while the aforesaid gamble and sprawl all over the bed.—introducing miss weaver who may or may not have ever taken a snap shot before. at least this explains the curious angles on some of the halcyon shots.—and hello, dutch and ray. fourth east crashes once in a while but not for long—it's strictly a north wing monopoly because they're the only ones who would give us pictures.



come out from behind that paddle, him, we know you. and wipe that grin off your face—that goes for you too, budding-ton. (he must have just had a mass meeting with m.j.)—and once again north wing crashes the soph informal page for which we heartily apologize but as we explained—. ah, at last, folks, you've heard a lot about troeger. well, here he is in the flesh and we mean in the flesh. that's the famous dorman beside him but she is almost cut out of the picture due to the brooklyn man's bravny leg.



we're very sorry to have to admit that the row of beauties appearing in the picture below come from—well you've probably guessed it. oh well, everybody's happy in the picture so the editor's tears will go unnoticed. and here's lappy of smith and lapham, inc. she has just beaten him in ping pong for the nth straight time and seems quite pleased.—track men jim and ham have something in tow here—troeger is returning from a week end binge—greenawalt is looking forward to one.

FRESHMAN COMMITTEE



MICHENER SOLIS-COHEN MALONE SHAW WORTH ALBERTSON



F R E S H M E N



SECOND SEMESTER OFFICERS



PRICE

BAYS



WILSON

KALTENBACH



Bag and Baggage



Brick House



Gin Rickey



Country Club



Naivete'



Sky Top



Fussel's Furies



Sex!



Yo, Paul!



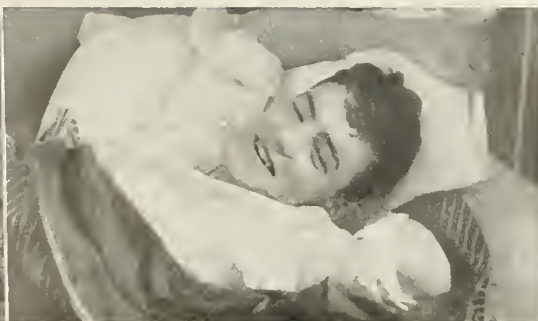
Open Scholar



Freshman



Ann's Sister



Little Caesar



Griped



Sal



Walker's Cousin



Handsome Jack



Woolman House Radicals



Whattaman



Gloom



The Show-offs



The Western Element



Strolling



Roomies



Hooey on you, too!



*—and God save us from
Bram Geddes*



It's Just a Pose



Pepsodent



Fresh from the Crum Woods



And so young, too!



Babies—Just Babies





A C T I V I T I E S

Men's Student Government Association



CROWL

GARRISON

SEYBOLD

EDWARDS

HUMPHREY

OEHMANN

WHYTE

DESPITE the professions of ignorance of its existence upon the part of the Dean of Women, the M. S. G. A., under the leadership of Paul Oehmann, who was President from January, 1955, to January, 1956, and Samuel Kalkstein, who has headed the organization since the second semester of this year, has made its presence felt upon the campus rather more successfully this year. Following the move that Student Government be abolished last year, reorganization was adopted and President Kalkstein was adopted last January before a mass meeting of about twenty students.

Faced with the widespread feeling that the M. S. G. A. did not represent the students of the college effectively, the new administration adopted a new plan of representation whereby the students of each section elect one representative from each floor of that section, of which three one is chairman of the section. The various committees are continuing their functions of arranging for the payment of breakages, the maintenance of the recreation rooms under C and D sections of Wharton and the various other problems.

Forced to meet, immediately after assuming office, the cases of recalcitrant students who disport themselves with fire-hoses and sledge-hammers to the universal detriment of Wharton Hall, the new administration displayed both efficiency and tact to so great an extent that it is felt more respect is due to the body than has heretofore been paid it by the students.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

February, 1955, to February, 1956

PAUL OEHMANN, '56
President

SHERMAN GARRISON, '56
Secretary-Treasurer

PHILIP CROWL, '56
EARLE EDWARDS, '56
RICHARD HUMPHREY, '56
J. VERNON McHUGH, '56
JOHN W. SEYBOLD, '56
WILLIAM WHYTE, '56

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

President	MARGARET TILTON, '36
Vice-President and Chairman of Conduct.....	ELIZABETH ENMEL, '36
Secretary-Treasurer	MIRIAM BOOTH, '38
Social Committee	JANE FUGES, '36
Honor.....	MARGARET HUNTINGTON, '36
Somerville.....	LORRAINE PATTERSON, '36
Persounel	MARY ELMA WHITE, '36
President of Parrish.....	HOLLY ROSS, '37
Chairman of Point System.....	MARGARET BROOKS, '37
Freshman Representative.....	OLIVE HENDRICKS, '39

THE weaker half of Swarthmore has taken suffrage and women's emancipation seriously. In fact, judging from the elaborate set of rules and by-laws that incorporate the constitution, we might say that the more Parrishable and Worthy side are either grossly imperfect or that they have evolved a perfect state. Besides co-operating with the administration, the women take delight in levying fines with a sort of New Jersey small town vengeance, and maintaining a variety of pleasant pastel shades on their signing-in and out books; one registers one's destination, you know, in a pink book. The executive power of W. S. G. A. is vested in a committee of ten women elected by the student body for a year. Any woman in college may serve on any of the various sub-committees. Perhaps the presence of so many office holders acts as a good check on everyone else.

As far as the men of Swarthmore are concerned, the W. S. G. A. has special utility when formal time comes round. But to wax eloquent and in the spirit of the HALCYON of yore, we might say that the W. S. G. A. has made a real contribution to Swarthmore life by its aid on the administrative side of our co-education system. So it's an orchid to the W. S. G. A. formal committee, an aquamarine signing-in and out book to Holly Ross, and a pink bordered towel to the fire drill committee.



WHITE HUNTINGTON BROOKS ROSS BOOTH BARNES ENMEL TILTON FUGES PATTERSON

Women's Student Government Association



SOCIAL COMMITTEE



CROWL, FUGES

Social Committee

HERE is the group that does its best to make good old Swarthmore as much like a country club as is humanly possible. Started in 1934 by a group of students with the proverbial Swarthmore "social conscience", it has surprised most of us by really panning out. Paraphrasing Lincoln, the Social Committee is "of the students, by the students and for the students." "Of the students" because it was started by them in answer to a definite need. The "socialites" found themselves strictly curtailed in their social affairs because of the depression, tight parents, and once in a while because studying didn't leave enough time to chase off to Philadelphia. "Median" and his friends besides the reasons above mentioned, were unhappy in a social system built around and for the few. To correct all this, this group of students got busy and organized social events, which in number and diversification leave even Pretty Boy Smith gasping.

The main direction of this year's committee, first under Crowl and Fuges, and now under Brooks and Prentice, has been toward those of us who won't go places very often if we have to have dates, or if we have to get them. Thus Osbourn and his ilk have caused a social revolution (Alums and Judge McDevitt, please keep your pants in place — Osbourn is not a second Karl Marx, and "social revolution" does not mean the HALCYON has sunk to communist propaganda.) To see the success of the plan, look around you in Collection some time. I did last night and almost stepped on my friend "Median" — he was talking about the weather, of all things.

Social Committee has succeeded in arousing the interest of the student body in its social responsibilities, and putting their responsibilities in a definite, and very appetizing form. Nice going, boys and girls.



MC DERMOTT, HENDERSON, PATTERSON, DENNIS, BOND, ZIGROSSER, SWARTHE, BREDIN.

Somerville Forum

THE writer has to watch himself on this. It's his job to make this write-up the same length as he did Social Committee, so, since there are no Osbourns, Smiths, or Medians to waste space about, he will have to pad it some other way. (You know, these organizations pay to have this stuff put in, so even though you probably know more about them than the writer does, you will have to suffer his errors — at least he has candor.) Students and Alumnus who dislike all this nonsense, please see Perkins; he is editor of this here year book, not yours truly.

Well, about the Somerville Forum, another year has rolled by and there is still no light on the subject of whether Somerville began its career as a woman's baseball or basketball team. At any rate, like our football team, it now turns more towards literary and artistic matters and its membership includes all of the present women students and alumnae.

Consistent with the policy it started four years ago, which is more than Roosevelt can say (Are you there, Alumnae?), Somerville has sponsored some lectures by well known and popular speakers and writers. William Rose Benet, who discussed modern poetry, visited Swarthmore in November, and later in the year

Laurence Saint crashed through with "Stained Glass, a Lost Art." (Adolph suggested that "Broken Glass, a Swarthmore Custom" would have been more appropriate.)

Somerville holds "Musical Teas and Coffees", where the slurp of soup is considered unmusical, every other week in the activities lodges. It also is instrumental in obtaining the art exhibits in Collection. When Spring rolls around and the Alumnae get hungry, Somerville has charge of Somerville Day; which is reasonable, don't you think? It is then that the Lucretia Mott Fellowship is awarded, and it is now that the writer signs off. 'Bye.

OFFICERS

President.....LORRAINE PATTERSON, '36
Vice-President.....BETTY DENNIS, '37
Secretary.....VIRGINIA BOND, '38
TreasurerMARGARET HUNTINGTON, '36

OTHER MEMBERS

JEAN BREDIN, '36 RUTH HENDERSON, '36
MARY McDERMOTT, '38 CAROLA ZIGROSSER, '38
 PAUL SWARTHE, '39

1937 Halcyon



PERKINS

DUDLEY PERKINS

His eyes aglow with the knowledge of a great work to be accomplished, his heart filled to the brim with an unboundless love of the good, the pure, the undefiled which shall grace the pages of that great monument to Swarthmore, his brain feverishly working, striving, mulling simultaneously over tiny little details and broad concepts to be incorporated in that book of books, T. H., with head erect, strives upward and onward for the 1937 HALCYON. Never stopping, never ceasing, never turning aside, Dudley dear constantly thinks of nothing but the book. "Of the Book, by the Book, and for the Book" is his motto. It is his dream, his life's work, his all (period) (new paragraph) (new shovel). If not the greatest editor who ever trod the soil of Swarthmore, T. H. at least ranks among the great. In fact his statement is as follows, "Of course I don't think I am the greatest (a blush) but what is my opinion against thousands of others. If the students really want a marble statue of me in one of the managers' parlors why, by Jove, I think I may consent to pose for one." Why, my friends, if you see the editor with head bent low, what is he worried about?—the HALCYON. If you see him leering benignly in Temple's

office, what can he be elated over?—the HALCYON. If he is furiously beating on the typewriter until the wee hours of the morning—then it's the HALCYON. If he is constantly seen in Parrish around 9 P. M.; then again it must be the HALCYON. A true idealist, altruistic in spirit and a man with a purpose in life—that is our editor. "He works like a beaver," say his roomies. "A veritable bear for punishment," says the HALCYON staff. "A budding genius," avers the engraver. "Always on the job," swears the printer. "You can't keep a good man down," offers Miss Temple. God bless our editor. Amen.

—Adv.—

EDWIN ROME

"What business acumen—what forcefulness — what persuasiveness." "Such personality—it fairly exudes all over him." "Rome, the man of the hour." Such quotations as these collected from Rome's scrap book leave no doubt as to the ability of our beloved business manager. Efficiency is his middle name. The business staff, rapidly disintegrating after an afternoon's fruitless search for ads takes a new lease on life as "Efficiency Plus" Rome appears.



ROME

three times in one morning. But we are wandering from the subject (or are we?). Following are what prominent "captains of industry" have to say about our Eddie.

"He would have a wonderful bedside manner," avers Mr. S. And Mr. X has told Rome that he could be one of the greatest confidence men in the game because of his sympathetic air when dealing with a penniless but potential advertiser. "He told me I need only take a half page ad until I pay the interest on the mortgaged office building," relates Mr. X. A Mr. B has offered young Edwin a high salary to consider selling women's lingerie for him. "He has that look in his eye which will get the female customers unless I miss my guess," says Mr. B. And so to bed.

—Adv.—



HAIRE



MASON HAIRE

Due to many extra curricular activities Mase has at the time of this writing (April 4) only just begun to work on the 1957 HALCYON, but we don't hold that against him and we believe in him implicitly when he states, "I would give up the following for my beloved HALCYON"—Mystery

balls, one of Miss Brierly's most phenomenal concoctions; a heart to heart chat with the Dean; a date with Miss Lukens; a wrenched knee or a stiff neck (optional); any one of Manning's "average" assignments; a seminar with Brooksie; a verbal tiff with Mr. Pitt over financial matters; Bright's disease or hardening of the arteries (optional); a game of

spin the plate with the Chemistry department; a game of snuff with J. Russell Hayes; a battle of wits with Randolph of E section; an attack of Chinese rot; an involved discussion with a convinced solipsist; running into Herr Gaede out looking for Elsa; running into Ogden out with Elsa; running onto Herr Gaede, Ogden and Elsa simultaneously.



Phoenix

NAMED for an avis rara that arises rehabilitated from the flames after a hot experience, the *Phoenix* carries out that purpose at Swarthmore with its weekly gleanings of all the news that's hot and fit to print. The censored stuff crashes into Campus Comment minus capitals, semi-colons, and in style Gertrude Steinian that keeps the frosh awake and perhaps the Deans.

An institution at Swarthmore since Parrish finally ignited in the late eighties, the *Phoenix* appears every Tuesday night in four or six page form. The editorial policy of the sheet has been in large part directed, during the past year, with the aim of stimulating the thought of the college on questions of college policy and national trends. "Letters to the Editor", which reached its pinnacle of fame with the now classic "Median" indictment, continues to be a regular and popular feature. Through this medium even the most discriminating, such as those who want cloth napkins and two glasses, can be heard. "The Question Box", a new feature this year, has been instituted for the purpose of getting the opinions of both faculty and students on current topics. And then there's Leisure

Moments (written by an honors student) and the interviews with everyone from Professor Gaede to Chipper Jones.

Last fall, the *Phoenix* crusaded with the *Haverford News* in an unsuccessful attempt to gain the approval of the Haverford College administration for a renewal of football relations. But we can't budge them from their Comfortable position despite the fact that we are willing to greet them with open arms and then some.

Working with the *Herald-Tribune* Poll of Student Opinion, the *Phoenix* printed the results of this poll at Swarthmore every week and surprised and probably delighted certain old, old friends of the college with a rather decisive Republican bent. Meanwhile the Revolution moves on, but Woolman House had better work on Haverford.

As usual the staff is headed by an editor-in-chief, a business manager, a managing editor, and a circulation chief, all chosen in the middle of the junior year. Then there's still an opportunity for ambitious frosh to carry copy, get in the way in the *Phoenix* new office at East end, and all for the rewards that are forthcoming in junior year.

"PHOENIX" STAFF, 1955-1956

Editor-in-Chief.....WILLIAM C. BRADBURY, JR., '56
Managing Editor.....HAROLD B. STEINBERG, '56
Business Manager.....CLAYTON L. FARRADAY, JR., '56
News Editor.....LORRAINE PATTERSON, '56
Associate Editor.....SIDNEY B. HAMILTON, '56
Sports Editor.....FRANK H. BLUMENTHAL, '56
Alumni Editor.....CAROLINE A. LUKENS, '98
Circulation Manager.....PRISCILLA A. JOHNSON, '56
Assistant Circulation Manager.....VIRGINIA BELDEN, '57

JUNIOR EDITORS

ANNE BROOKE, '57 EDWIN P. ROME, '57
MURIEL C. ECKES, '57 IRVING S. SCHWARTZ, '57
JEAN HILDEBRAND, '57 ANNE E. WHITCRAFT, '57
JOHN H. WOOD, JR., '57

BUSINESS ASSISTANTS

OLVA FAUST, '57 J. ARCHER POTTINGER, '57
JOSEPH SELLIGNAN, '57

"PHOENIX" ADVISORY BOARD

Chairman—WILLIAM F. WHYTE, '56
Secretary—LORRAINE PATTERSON, '56





Press Board



TO catch the Press Board in a moment of high-speed action, you have to get a glimpse of the last minute rush about 6:17 P. M. in the office, east hall Parrish, before the news goes in on the 6:29 train. There is bound to be from three to a half-dozen people working at a maximum velocity around a desk and one end of a table. Comment and conversation never lag:

"The *Times* feature has to go out tonight."

"Did you see that the AP version of the Beach-Philadelphia accent story was in the Great Falls, Montana, paper? And the Leap Week pictures got in all the way from Florida to Spokane, Washington."

"You don't say."

"What do you think I said?"

"Has anyone typed the envelope for the *Chester Times*?"

"Look at these *Bulletin* lacrosse pictures — pretty good for being taken in the rain. I wonder if it was the same photographer who was nearly killed in the bombardment of baseball, basket, and lacrosse balls at the opening of the Field House?"

"There ought to be another version of that May Day advance."

"Hey, that's the wrong credit stamp for sports releases!"

And finally the voice of the copy carrier: "Let's get going. I have only four minutes to catch that train. Buying stamps for these hometowners is going to break me. So long!"

Last winter a reorganized Press Board established itself in the Parrish office, hung up a bulletin board, and started on a campaign. There had been a separate women's division for a semester, but the two organizations were merged under the co-chairmanship of Hornbeck, Lyon, and Rome, Ltd.

The history of the Press Board as a campus organization is brief and somewhat shadowy. In fact, my dear Watson, it has been known as the Press Board for only two years. At an earlier date there was a Publicity Committee, consisting of a limited number of men students, who dealt out college news, but carried on almost entirely behind the scenes.

At present, Swarthmore may seem like a quiet, Quaker, College community, but there is plenty happening to keep busy the 55 P. B. members and candidates, 16 fellows and 17 girls, 12 sophs and 18 frosh.

The Little Theatre



THE LITTLE THEATER CLUB does not intend to comprise all campus dramatic activity, but its purpose is rather to organize and direct campus dramatics. Work in dramatics is open to everyone and more people than ever before are taking advantage of this opportunity. Election to membership is an honorary recognition of especial interest and service. This year is a boom year for Little Theater and we only hope it isn't subject to the ups and downs suffered by the business cycle. The treasury is full. About fifteen new members have been elected so now one room can hardly hold a whole meeting. In addition to the already established technical and business staffs, publicity, make-up, properties, and costumes have been inaugurated to the position of independent departments with junior and senior managers. Bea Beach, the new and capable director who arrived last year from her course at the Yale Dramatic School and who graduated with the Swarthmore class of '31, has done much to liven the participation and interest in dramatics. Corresponding to the make-up class begun last year, a new acting class has been started which does not teach acting but offers an approach to acting and a recognition of the actor's problems, emotional and intellectual. The policy of holding individual conferences in the fall with everyone interested in any phase of work connected with dramatic productions has been continued from last year and has enabled the spreading of the number of participants considerably. The greatest success of the club has been its extension of the chance to take part to so many, without permitting a few people to dominate all the dramatic activity of the college. The interest of the college as a whole both in active participation and play-going enthusiasm has increased remarkably.

Left from the news of last spring is the commencement production of John Millington Synge's "Playboy of the Western World." A folk play with rollicking warmth and no delicacy, it poked fun at the Irish and was received appreciatively by the audience with none of the riots staged by the indignant Irishmen who greeted the play's first presentation in New York. Holly Ross,



'57, and Keith Chalmer, '57, gave the benefits of their talents to the leading roles and William Diebold, '57, as the father of Barbara Chapman, '58, as the Widow Quinn, created the character parts. Barbara Weiss' set picturing a shebeen was particularly commendable. All in all, the play was so good that it financed the seniors' Commencement.

The first big event this season was the installation of the huge, four hundred dollar cyclorama. An immense circular sky rigged to hang completely around the stage, it will provide a flexible background for many different and effective stage sets. Cleon Throckmorton, Designers, of New York, got it put in just in time for use in the bill of one-acts. The program this year was arranged to illustrate the three types of modern drama: one act of "Hey Fever" by Noel Coward and directed by Keith Chalmers, '57, of the comedy variety; Belasco's "Madame Butterfly" directed by William Diebold, '57, presenting romantic-tragedy; and "Waiting for Lefty" by Clifford Odets from the hands of Edwin Pettet, '57, of the social propaganda theater. Ed Pettet's independent and industrious work on "Waiting for Lefty" resulted in an exceedingly noteworthy rendition. The

entire bill constituted one of the most successful series of one-acts ever presented here and gave the year's work a hearty boost from the very beginning.

Substituting plays with modern interest for the course followed last year of presenting revivals, "Another Language" was the Christmastime selection. Margaret Peter, '58, and Edward Macy, '57, gave their everything ably to the difficult leading roles of Stella and Victor Hallam with Robert Perloff, '58, close on





their tracks as Jerry. Bea Beach took the directing into her own hands, Barbara Weiss, '58, designed the set, and the energetic work of all the crews completed the series of factors leading to a splendid performance.

The spring play was Lynn Riggs' "Green Crow the Lilacs" starring John Breckenridge, '58, Rickey Herrick, '58, and Barbara Chapman, '58. The play provided a colorful and charming setting for excellent folk music and was a very ambitious attempt, as it offered difficult problems in staging and lighting. The point of concentration this year is to be on booming the original one-act plays. The play-choosing under William Whyte, '56, will encourage the submission of more manuscripts. Pursuing the policy adopted last year,

the plays will be judged in performance by an expert critic, Alexander Dean of Yale, rather than awarding cash prizes. The commencement play will be "Night Over Taos" by Maxwell Anderson. The administration under which Little Theater Club has thrived *this* year consists of President Marlette Plum, '56; Vice-President Keith Chalmers, '57; Treasurer Carol Keyes, '56; and Secretary Elizabeth Coffin, '56.

<i>President</i>	MARLETTE PLUM, '56
<i>Vice-President</i>	KEITH CHALMERS, '57
<i>Secretary</i>	ELIZABETH COFFIN, '56
<i>Treasurer</i>	CAROL KEYES, '56
<i>Dramatic Coach</i>	BEATRICE BEACH

The Engineers

THE ENGINEERS' CLUB was organized over twenty years ago to get those called engineers together to discuss with faculty members and among themselves matters of common interest. Despite the fact that they haven't all interests in common with the faculty, the boys have done well by themselves and have become affiliated with such organizations as the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the American Association of Engineers, and other diverse organizations with the word "American" and "Engineer" stuck in somewhere.

There's a time called "Open House" when the whole College can invade this masculine sanctum and see a lot of destructive looking engines that pump water out and into the least suspected places and turn wheels on top of poles. This always confuses the history, fine arts, and English majors and the engineers then feel repaid for the trouble of constructing these irrigational monsters.

Besides its regular Tuesday morning meetings, the Club has had numerous guest speakers during the past year, among whom were Stark and Eschbach of the American Telephone and Telegraph, McCabe of Scott Paper, and a chap named DuPont from Delaware.

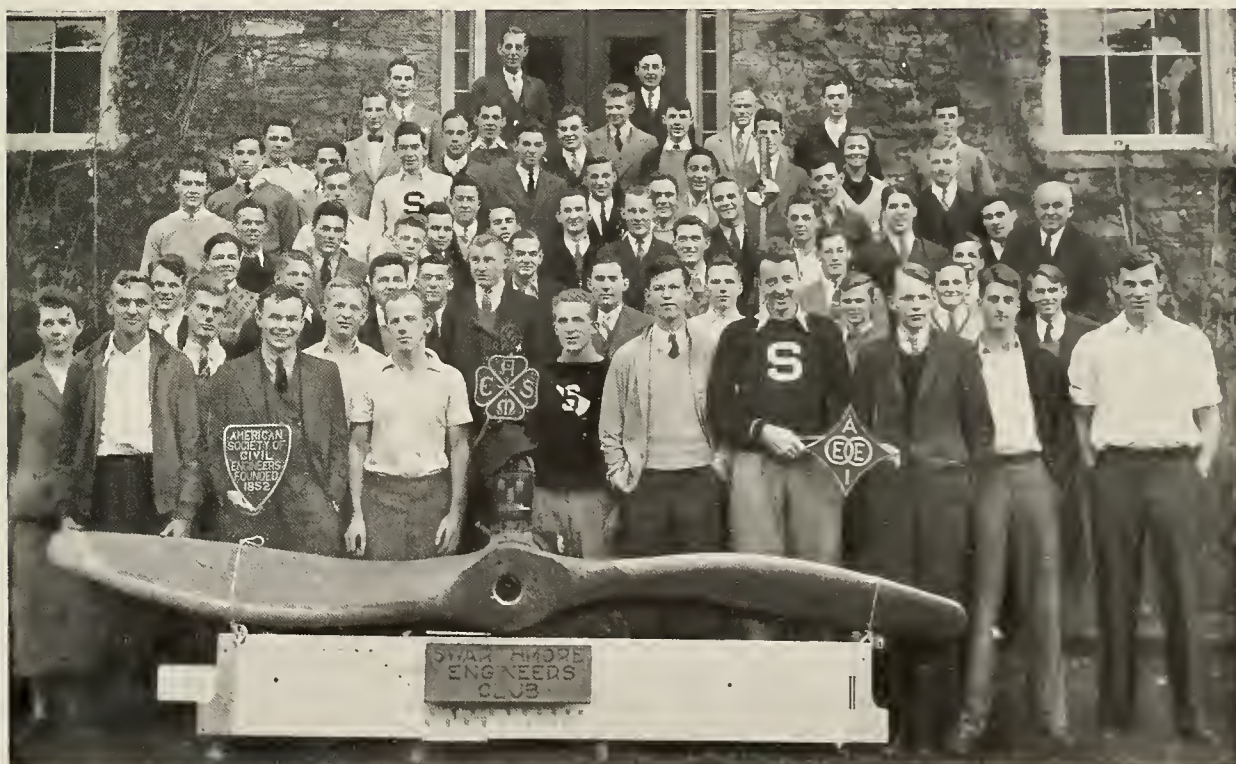
Then we must clear up this Sigma Tau business. All members of the Engineers' Club are not members of Sigma Tau but all members of Sigma Tau are members of the Engineers' Club, but since Ben Cooper is president of the Engineers' Club and a member of Sigma Tau, that ought to confuse things.

Senior Representative
RICHARD POST

Junior Representative
JOHN BALLARD

Sophomore Representative
JAMES MALCOLM

Freshman Representative
STEPHEN MALONE





MEN'S DEBATE

BRADEN, WEEKS, PETROW, ROME, GREENFIELD, REUNING, PRICE, STRAKA

Men's Debate

FRESHMEN with a flare for the over-articulate and vociferous upperclassmen who need an opportunity to let off some of Malin's or Pennock's ideas find a verbal outlet in Men's Debate. Designed not only to stimulate campus interest in forensic events but to keep up the self-respect of the frosh who debated at his lowly or Arizona high school, the squad gassed through this year with a Florida trip, a good number of victories and a chance to exercise the larynx over the ether waves. In addition to the regular series of debates, of which six were broadcast tilts, the Debate Board provided a series of Oxford Union forums, which permit audience participation in a discussion of the point at issue. Then the audience, everyone from Pass Christian, Mississippi to Louisville, has his chance to throw in little epitomes of non-sequiturs.

This year the squad was composed of thirty men who had participated in intra-mural and inter-collegiate debating or speaking contests. Debaters are selected by the manager of the Debate Board, who usually gets a headache, if not a lot of attention, when Florida time comes around. With true Swarthmore versatility, these principled young men debated largely this year on the U. S. Supreme Court — taking either side of any question with a day's notice. As usual the Board conducted three speaking contests — the Delta Upsilon, the Bunting Extemporaneous, and the Sophomore-Freshman informal debate. The medals for the latter event were awarded to George Braden, '58, and William Price, '59.



OFFICERS

Manager.....ROBERT K. GREENFIELD, '56
Assistant Manager.....EDWIN P. ROME, '57



WOMEN'S DEBATE

LANDIS, LUPTON, MCCORD, ENMEL, MCCDERMOTT, STICHLER

Women's Debate



OFFICERS

Manager.....ELIZABETH ENMEL, '36
Assistant Manager.....HELEN MALONE, '36

TEAM

ELIZABETH ENMEL, '36	HELEN MALONE, '36
ELFRIDA LANDIS, '36	JANE MCCORD, '36
VIRGINIA LUPTON, '37	JANET HART, '37

SEVERAL times this year the rumor has spread about campus that Women's Debate was going South. Although the cynics had long suspected that this worthy organization hadn't far to go in this direction, the public announcement seemed a bit startling until people began to realize that the daughters of Athena were merely contemplating another debate tour. After last year's New Haven trip touring seemed to be a noble thought. The nice thing about that trip was that it involved three debates: (A) Swarthmore women vs. Yale Legislative, subject — something about arms and armaments; (B) Swarthmore women vs. Hotel Taft — subject, Resolved: that hotel guests should pay bill before leaving; (C) Swarthmore women vs. Swarthmore administration — subject, Resolved: that women debates should be accompanied by a chaperone. Finally, the administration said that it would be happy if Women's Debate and Conduct Committee could be placed under a single executive office; so Betty Emel became Debate Manager. Women's Debate has safely remained at home this year and carried on only three debates by radio — all on nice safe subjects like the New Deal, with patriotic opponents like American College, George Washington, and William and Mary.

Outing



Club



OVERWHELMING numbers turned out for the Outing Club's first hike this fall to start the year off with a bang. Great enthusiasm was evinced and plans were cooked up immediately for much activity. A week-end at the seashore with sailing and salt air came first. Pearson's farm next beckoned the ambitious outers. The new station wagon carried them there but there are rumors that the girls resorted to good old-fashioned plow horses after they arrived! Of course, there are always breakfast hikes to Media Inn and speedy Sunday afternoon sprints to keep these sporting sponsors' spirits up.

The big day came with the celebration of the Outing Club's third birthday. Place — Pitt's farm; entertainment — returning Alums and a big birthday cake; weather — RAIN . . . but the celebration was fitting to the occasion, nevertheless.

In order to raise funds for the purchase of equipment and to come a few steps nearer to the realization

of the dream of a cabin, much effort has been put forth. The selling of hot dogs to hungry spectators at athletic events and the peddling of sandwiches and cider and doughnuts to the girls in the dorms has proved so profitable that some equipment has already been secured.

Then — just to prove that they could do all things equally well — the Outing Clubbers gave us a very convincing performance of "Clementine" in the Hamburg Show.

OFFICERS

President.....	FRANCES DERING, '57
Secretary.....	DEBORAH WING, '58
Treasurer.....	ALMA HELBING, '57
Chairman, Program.....	ELIZABETH WATSON, '58
Ass't Chairman, Program.....	OLIVE HENDRICKS, '59
Chairman, Membership	ISABEL BENKERT, '57
Chairman, Cabin	MARY ELMIA WHITE, '56
Chairman, Scrapbook	LOIS WRIGHT, '58



Le Cercle Francais

OFFICERS

MARGARET BARBER, '36
President

MINA WATERMAN, '37
Secretary

WESLEY GODDARD, '37
Treasurer

HERE'S one group that speaks another language and organizes to perpetuate the condition. And judging from the notices that abound Parrish calling for *thes* and *tables francaises* we might say that they have a gourmet's good time doing it. The alluring combination of food and French has perhaps bien responsible for the increased membership in the club and an increased interest in French. Then of course it does our heart good (yes, the same heart that thumps before exams in French verbs) to hear these aspiring tadpoles parler and even chanter in this polite tongue of Poiret, war debts, and multifarious premiers.

Le grand moment of the year for Le Cercle was the presentation in March of three one-act plays under the direction of M. Brun-L'Interieur, *Il Faut qu'une Porte Soit Ouverte ou Fermee*, and *L'Anglais Tel qu'on Parle*. Although the great unwashed in the cheap seats (courtesy of the Clothiers) only caught an occasional phrase or verb that came back as a remnant of more Gallic prep school days, we intuitively know that great credit should go to Mina Waterman, '37, Wesley Goddard, '37, Burrows Smith, '38, and Gunther Reuning, '38, for their French and acting ability; and we'll suggest an Eifel Tower to Burrows for his poise when two succinct lines eluded him. It was magnifique and all other adjectives of uncontrolled pomposity.

Besides these activities the club has sponsored several lectures of note. M. Leon Vallas spoke on Debussy and on *La France d'Aujourd'hui*. At Noel, le Cercle threw a party that was marked by the singing of carols. Meanwhile the Cercle goes its Bourbon way, floors the waitresses with requests for more "dirty" pain, and makes a fine contribution to Swarthmore's modern language en route.

Classical Club

FROM what some of our critics say, we should expect to find the Classical Club as a strong competitor of the football team in the interest of the undergraduates. We have heard Coach Plann on other things but never on this. If the Classical Club keeps pepping things up as it did this year, however, Plann may be heard from. For the Classical Club has shaken the dust of antiquity from its interests and while not yet discussing birth control among the Romans has nevertheless attracted more students who are interested in the classics than previously.

The club's chief ambition is the presentation of Plautus' comedy of the complications resulting from the meeting of two identical twins, the *Menaechmi* (imagine the complications if the Dionne army met under similar circumstances). It will be presented as soon as the famous Ogden translation in the choicest modern slang sees the light of day.

Besides holding vain dreams of future possibilities, the club has shown more tangible activity in its program, under the direction of Keith Chalmers, '37. The President of the Corporation, Mr. Charles Jenkins, entertained the gang and the Greek Philosophy seminar with a tea at his home. (It's amazing how entertaining tea can really be.) The real object of the pilgrimage was to see Mr. Jenkins' collection of hemlock trees, the true classicists being duly impressed by seeing the species from which Socrates drank the poisonous draft; it took more than tea to entertain them in the good old days. Besides this, Mr. Jenkins showed the classicalists his walk of stones from the Alhambra, Stonehenge, the Wall of China, and other famous places made of stone.

On December 8, Horace had his two thousandth birthday, and while probably not enjoying it very much himself, gave those the world over, interested in classics, the chance for a good old-fashioned revel. On this happy occasion, Chalmers and Davis purcelled out a dramatization of Horace's ode, the Lovers' Quarrel, in ancient, Victorian, and modern styles. Mr. Shero talked on Horace's life and work, and the celebration closed with the proper Horatian note of conviviality on cider and doughnuts. Other meetings have included visits to the Penn Museum, an investigation of the Swarthmore archeological collection, and Mr. Willoughby's presentation of his moving pictures of Greek and Latin plays.

Not being content with merely supplying the purer food of intellectual manna, and not being enough interested in antiques to enjoy Miss Brierly's presentations, the club has profited by the work of its efficient refreshment committee headed by Elsie Hagedorn, '38.

In a degenerate age finding its chief inspiration in Federal Reserve bulletins and Supreme Court decisions, the Classical Club has kept the torch of classical learning alight. Hot stuff, Classical Club!







F R A T E R N I T I E S

Interfraternity Council

THE INTERFRATERNITY COUNCIL, if you're interested, is an organization composed of two members from each fraternity and the non-fraternity group, for the general purpose of governing interfraternity affairs. It spends most of its time in the formation of rushing rules — that is, when all its members can be gotten together. The rules inaugurated last year were continued with very slight changes. This year a new feature in rushing was inaugurated when the Council, in cooperation with the administration had an impartial speaker explain the place of the fraternities on the campus to the stupid frosh. For the latter's further information, the dues of the various fraternities were once more published.

The Council has interfraternity sports and the awarding of the annual scholarship cup under its direction also. It introduced touch-football this year and gave a cup to the winning team as it has also done in other interfraternity sports.

An Alumni Interfraternity Association has been organized to discuss the Swarthmore fraternity problem. Joint meetings with fraternity men and with the Council have been an aid in exchanging ideas and coping with these problems.

The Council also represents the fraternities in dealing with the Administration of the college. The Administration and the Council have cooperated this year in strengthening the relations between fraternities and increasing their importance on the campus — according to the Council.



INTERFRATERNITY COUNCIL

CADWALLADER, CROLL, HUMPHREY, GARDNER, MC HUGH, MORRISSETT, FOWLER, STRAKA.

INTERFRATERNITY COUNCIL

PresidentRICHARD HUMPHREY

Secretary-TreasurerPHILIP D. CROLL

KAPPA SIGMA

William D. Taylor Manning Smith

PHI KAPPA PSI

Sidney Cadwallader Ward Fowler

DELTA UPSILON

Philip D. Croll Irving Morrisett

PHI SIGMA KAPPA

Richard Humphrey Gordon Straka

PHI DELTA THETA

J. Vernon McHugh James R. Gardner



KAPPA SIGMA

TOP ROW—LOMBARD, ALBERTSON, PRICE, MCINTYRE.

FOURTH ROW—KIRSCHLAGER, BELL, FORNWALT, HARRIS, HAFKENSCHIEL.

THIRD ROW—SMITH, BROOMALL, THATCHER, TAGGART, MOFFET, BEARDSLEY.

SECOND ROW—POTTINGER, HARPER, GBURSKI, MOORE, HICKOK, BUCKINGHAM, MALCOLM, WIEST.

FIRST ROW—ROCHE, TAYLOR, FINLEY, BECK, OEHMANN, TAYLOR, POST, ALBERTSON.

Kappa Sigma





SENIORS

John A. Albertson
John N. Beck
James A. Finley, Jr.
Paul B. Oelmann
Richard Post
Preston B. Roche
Thomas B. Taylor, Jr.
William D. Taylor

SOPHOMORES

James H. Beardsley
James J. Gardner
H. L. Kirschlager
Percival H. Lombard, Jr.
James A. Malcolm
Edwin E. Moore

FRESHMEN

JUNIORS

Thomas H. Broomall	Raymond C. Albertson
James E. Buckingham	C. Robert Bell
William C. Campbell	Vincent S. Boyer
Leonard J. Gburski	John R. Brown
Joseph H. Hafkenschiel	George C. Carson
J. Alan Harper	William H. Doriss
John E. Hickok	George R. Fornwalt
John Moffett	Raymond R. Harris
J. Archer Pottinger	David McIntyre
Manning Smith	William D. Patterson
Charles I. Taggart	Richard B. Pease
Richard C. Thatcher	Robert B. Peele
Fred J. Wiest	William H. Price



Phi Kappa Psi



SENIORS

Robert L. Bell
Richard L. Bigelow, Jr.
William C. Bradbury, Jr.
T. S. Cadwallader, 2nd
W. S. Garrison, Jr.
James F. McCormack
Lawrence L. Parrish
Robert C. Turner

JUNIORS

Walter S. Barclay
Ward S. Fowler
A. Thomas Hallowell
Frank A. Hutson, Jr.
John J. Kirn
Charles Loeb
Edward A. Macy
C. Budd Palmer
Wm. C. H. Prentice
John M. Rice
Raymond G. Schroeder
John H. Wood, Jr.
Drew M. Young

SOPHOMORES

John H. Breckenridge
Richard S. Brunhouse
Charles A. Caldwell
Carl C. Colket
Peter D. Kaspar
Stanley H. Lange
Fred'k A. Levering, 3rd
Harry F. Reid, Jr.
Burton Richards
Gordon P. Tapley
Richard B. Wray

FRESHMEN

Roland C. Ball, Jr.
John L. Bigelow
James Blackman
Samuel L. Cresson
Ralph H. Fisher
F. Bramwell Geddes, Jr.
Robert L. Janes
Edward H. Worth, Jr.



PHI KAPPA PSI

TOP ROW—JANES, FISHER, CALDWELL, BRECKINRIDGE, WORTH, BALL, CRESSON.

FOURTH ROW—KASPAR, BRUNHOUSE, BIGELOW, LANGE, TAPLEY, LEVERING.

THIRD ROW—KIRN, PRENTICE, COLKET, REID, FOWLER, HUDSON.

SECOND ROW—WOOD, RICE, MACY, SCHROEDER, LOEB, ASHELMAN, HALLOWELL, PALMER, YOUNG.

FIRST ROW—ROBERTS, CADWALLADER, BRADBURY, GARRISON, TURNER, BIGELOW, MCCORMACK, BELL.



Delta Upsilon



DELTA Upsilon

FIFTH ROW—HARMAN, VIEHOVER, CLARKE, CARROLL, SONNENSCHN, SMITH.

FOURTH ROW—MALONE, LAMB, STARR, BUDDINGTON, TROEGER, LARKIN, SIMMER, BUDD.

THIRD ROW—NEALE, KRATTENMAKER, BALLARD, CLEMENT, BROOMELL, WARRINGTON, KALKSTEIN.

SECOND ROW—LAFORE, ANFINSEN, MORRISSETT, SMITH, PERKINS, LONGSHORE, MURPHY, COOPER.

FIRST ROW—SKETCHLEY, FARRADAY, GUTCHESS, LICHTENWALNER, PETER, CROWL, CROLL, GRIFFIN, WOOD.



SENIORS

Philip D. Croll
Philip A. Crowl
Clayton L. Farraday, Jr.
Charles R. Griffen
Franklin J. Gutchess
Laird Lichtenwalner
Paul C. Peter
William P. Wood

SOPHOMORES

Augustus F. Buddington
William R. Carroll
Charles M. Eckman
Lawrence D. Lafore
Hugo Sonnenschein, Jr.
E. Robert Troeger
Arnold J. Viehover

JUNIORS

Chris B. Anfinsen, Jr.
John S. Ballard
G. Lupton Broomell, Jr.
James H. Clarke
T. Malcom Clement
Ben Cooper
Samuel I. Kalkstein
W. Allen Longshore
Irving A. Morrisett
James A. Murphy
Jack I. Osbourn
T. H. Dudley Perkins, Jr.
Camill J. Peter, Jr.
Robert M. Sketchley
William F. Smith
F. Palin Spruance, Jr.

FRESHMEN

I. Walter Budd
Edward L. Dobbins
David Harman
Herman C. Krattenmaker
Walter Lamb
Bainbridge M. Larkin
Leland S. MacPhail, Jr.
Stephen P. Malone
Robert D. Neale, Jr.
L. Keith Simmer
Nathan L. Smith, Jr.
David H. Starr
John B. Warrington
Gary White





PHI SIGMA KAPPA

TOP ROW—WELSH, HERNDON, THORN, COFFIN.

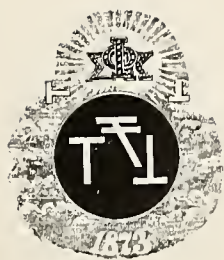
THIRD ROW—EAMES, HARRINGTON, CRAIG, SHAEFFER, OLDS, BROWN.

SECOND ROW—HULST, ROPE, JENTER, POLIFRONI, SNYDER, LEINROTH, GILL, PITTENDER.

BOTTOM ROW—ROBINSON, STRAKA, SMITH, HUMPHREY, SHRADER, SINGISER, WICKENHAVER.

Phi Sigma Kappa





SENIORS

Richard Humphrey
Harry D. Robinson, Jr.
Charles D. Smith

JUNIORS

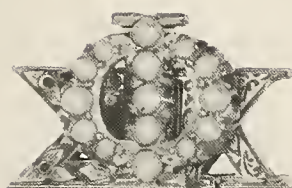
C. Oliver Burt
Lyle B. Gill
George D. Hulst, Jr.
Henry H. Hoadley
Carl M. W. Jenter
A. Lincoln Pittinger, Jr.
Vincent J. Polifroni
Barton W. Rope
Erwin F. Shrader
George W. Singiser, 2d
F. Gordon Straka
Francis W. Weeks
Sidney L. Wickenhaver

SOPHOMORES

David Brown
Charles F. Eames
Robert G. Leinroth
Fred M. Shaffer
Russell Shepard
Allen G. Snyder
Gordon S. Watts
Thomas H. Welch

FRESHMEN

Louis F. Coffin, Jr.
Theodore F. Cook
Lawrence C. Craig
Boyd Harrington, Jr.
Dale L. Herndon
Edmund Jones
George B. Lykens, Jr.
David M. Olds
Edward P. Thatcher
Stewart Thorn
Robert Wolf



Phi Delta Theta



SENIORS

Alfred H. Chambers, Jr.
Robert McI. Falconer
William L. Foulds
J. Vernon McHugh
John P. Sinclair

SOPHOMORES

David W. Chaney
Charles D. Hendley
Henry E. B. Kurtz
John K. Love, Jr.
M. Bacon Walthall

JUNIORS

George E. Forsythe
James R. Gardner
Mason Haire
Richard H. Koenemann
Charles S. Lyon
H. Pierpont Newton
Thomas B. Perry
W. Francis Smith
Thomas F. Spencer

FRESHMEN

Lewis C. Bose
Paul H. Buchanan
Richard A. Dimpff
Wellington D. Jones, Jr.
Wm. T. Livingston, 2nd
Edward M. Morningstar
John W. Roberts
John C. Thomas





PHI DELTA THETA

TOP ROW—KOENEMAN, FORSYTHE, SPENCER, WALTHALL, LIVINGSTON, BUCHANAN.

THIRD ROW—HENDLEY, LOVE, NEWTON.

SECOND ROW—KURTZ, GARDNER, SMITH, BOSE, LYON, HAIRE, PERRY.

FIRST ROW—CHAMBERS, SINCLAIR, NICHUGH, FALCONER, FOULDS.



PHI BETA KAPPA is the national honorary scholastic fraternity whose members are chosen each year from among the highest standing students in the arts courses.

CLASS OF 1935

Richard Barker	Elizabeth B. Lane
Elizabeth M. Blair	John Nixon
Rosemary Cowden	J. Richard Reid
George P. Cuttino	Marguerite Tamblyn
Margaret Hardy	Elizabeth Thomson
Van Dusen Kennedy	Jean B. Walton
Dorothy A. Koch	Fritz J. Weyl
Barbara Ivins	Martha Willard

FRATRES IN FACULTATE ET SOCI IN COLLEGIO

Mary G. Anderson (*Smith*)
 Troyer S. Anderson (*Dartmouth*)
 Frank Aydelotte (*Indiana University*)
 Lydia Baer (*Oberlin*)
 Gilbert H. Barnes (*University of Michigan*)
 Beatrice Beach (*Swarthmore*)
 Brand Blanshard (*University of Michigan*)
 Frances B. Blanshard (*Smith*)
 Nora R. Booth (*Swarthmore*)
 Ethel Hampson Brewster (*Swarthmore*)
 Heinrich Brinkmann (*Stanford*)
 Isabelle Bronk (*Swarthmore*)
 Robert C. Brooks (*Indiana University*)
 Laura Colvin (*William and Mary*)
 Milan W. Garrett (*Stanford*)
 Harold C. Goddard (*Amherst*)
 John Russell Hayes (*Swarthmore*)
 Philip M. Hicks (*Swarthmore*)
 Jesse H. Holmes (*Nebraska*)
 William I. Hull (*Swarthmore*)
 Walter B. Keighton, Jr. (*Swarthmore*)
 Maurice H. Mandlebaum (*Swarthmore*)
 Frederick J. Manning (*Yale*)
 Henrietta J. Meeteer (*Indiana University*)
 John A. Miller (*Indiana University*)
 John W. Nason (*Carleton*)
 Clara Newport (*Swarthmore*)
 J. Roland Pennock (*Swarthmore*)
 Edith Philips (*Goucher*)
 Frances L. Reinhold (*Swarthmore*)
 Louis N. Robinson (*Swarthmore*)
 Lucius R. Shero (*Haverford*)
 Richard W. Slocum (*Swarthmore*)
 Harold E. B. Speight (*Dartmouth*)
 Mary B. Temple (*Swarthmore*)
 Elizabeth Cox Wright (*Swarthmore*)
 Elizabeth Thomson (*Swarthmore*)
 Mary H. Fairbanks (*Swarthmore*)

Phi Beta



Kappa

Sigma



Xi

SIGMA XI is an honorary scientific society, organized to encourage original scientific research. This year it offered a fellowship which is usually given to an associate member who has done exceptionally fine graduate work. Full membership requires the completion of some research work worthy of publication. Undergraduates are eligible for associate membership in their senior year.

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

Thomas S. Bacon	Walter B. Keighton, Jr.
George A. Bourdelais	Frank R. Kille
Heinrich Brinkmann	Michel Kovalenko
Samuel T. Carpenter	Scott B. Lilly
Edward H. Cox	Robert B. MacLeod
H. Jermain Creighton	Ross W. Marriott
Arnold Dresden	John A. Miller
Adelaide L. Emley	Edwin B. Newman
Robert K. Enders	Samuel C. Palmer
Duncan G. Foster	John H. Pitman
Milan W. Garrett	Walter J. Scott
John S. Hall	Andrew Simpson
George A. Hoadley	Charles G. Thatcher
Howard M. Jenkins	George B. Thom
Mrs. Norris Jones	Winthrop R. Wright

ASSOCIATED, CLASS OF 1936

Herbert Bernstein	William Alden Jones
Clayton Farraday	Elizabeth Krider
Margaret Huntington	Henrik Locke
Robert S. Schairer	

SIGMA TAU, a national honorary engineering fraternity, was established at the University of Nebraska in 1904, and Nu chapter was initiated at Swarthmore in 1917. Juniors and seniors are chosen from engineering students to membership for ability as shown in their work. Each year one freshman is awarded a prize for high scholastic standing; Geoffrey Keller, '58, won this honor last year.

Sigma



Tau

FRATRES IN FACULTATE

George Bourdelais	John J. Matthew
Samuel T. Carpenter	John D. McCrumm
Howard M. Jenkins	Andrew Simpson
Scott B. Lilly	Charles G. Thatcher
George B. Thom	

STUDENT MEMBERS

Elected 1954-1955

Richard Post, '56	Robert Schairer, '56
-------------------	----------------------

Elected 1955-1956

James Finley, '56	Lupton Broomell, '57
Preston Roche, '56	Leo Gburski, '57
Ben Cooper, '57	Alan Harper, '57
Charles Taggart, '57	

ELIZABETH WARE EMMEL

JANE FUGES

MARGARET ORR HUNTINGTON

MARGERY INGZEL MCKAY

LORRAINE PATTERSON

MARGARET MARIA TILTON

MARY ELMA WHITE

Mortar



Board



Book and Key



MEMBERS

DONALD GLENN

PAUL HADLEY

KIMBALL HICKS

WILLIAM HOOD

ROBERT LEWIS

JOHN MOXEY

JAMES TURNER



TURNER

MOXEY

LEWIS

HOOD

HICKS

HADLEY

GLENN



SECOND ROW: LEWIS, ROSS, CARSWELL, FAUST, ECKES, ECKMAN

FRONT ROW: CUPITT, SHOEMAKER, DERING, KELLEY, MILLS, VAN BRUNT, DOBSON, STILZ, LESHER

Gwimp

ISABEL BENKERT

JEAN CARSWELL

MARGARET CUPITT

FRANCES DERING

ELIZABETH DOBSON

MURIEL ECKES

GRACE ECKMAN

OLVA FAUST

JOAN KELLEY

BARBARA LESHER

RUTH MARY LEWIS

ADELE MILLS

HOLLY ROSS

RUTH SHOEMAKER

ELIZABETH STILZ

ANN VANBRUNT

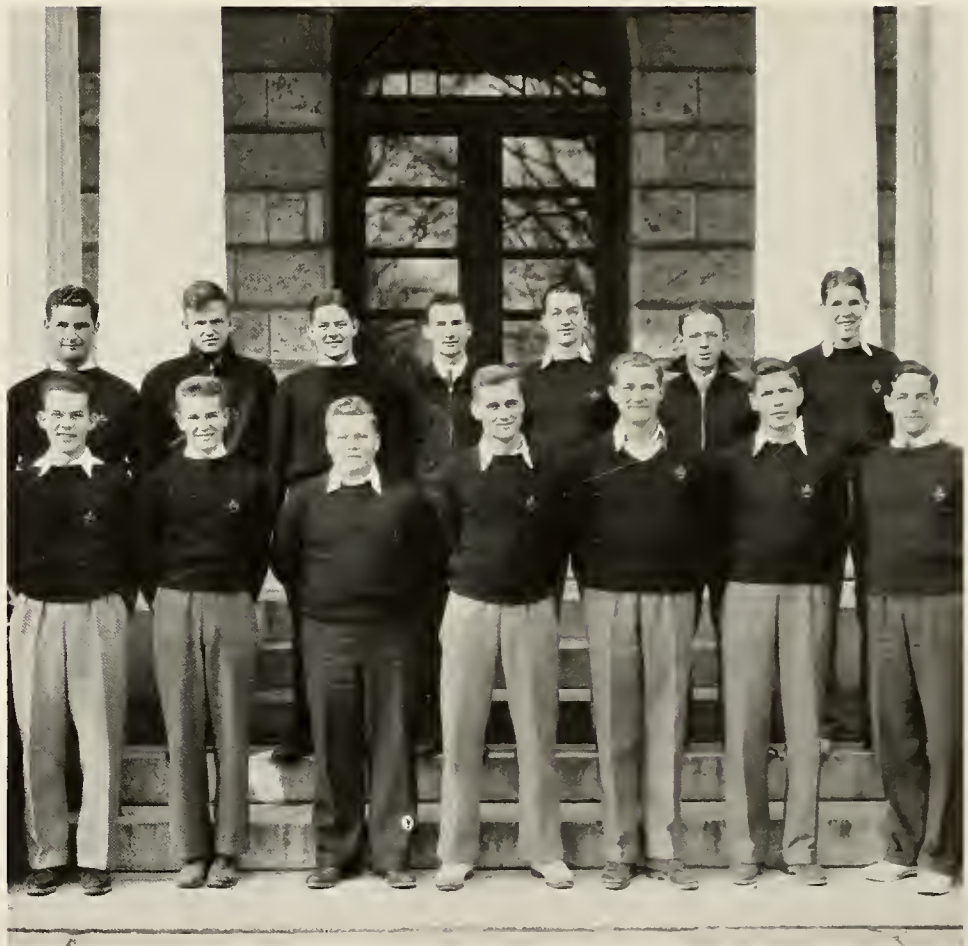


JOHN BALLARD
LUPTON BROOMELL
WARD FOWLER
JOSEPH HULST
ALLEN LONGSHORE
CHARLES LYON
GORDON PELTON

ARCHER POTTINGER
WILLIAM PRENTICE
ABE SCHLESINGER
GORDON STRAKA
WILLIAM SMITH
GEORGE SINGISER
DREW YOUNG



Kwink



SECOND ROW: PELTON, STRAKA, FOWLER, BALLARD, LYON, SINGISER, BROOMELL
FIRST ROW: HULST, POTTINGER, PRENTICE, SMITH, LONGSHORE, SCHLESINGER





A T H L E T I C S



Football

THE late lamented gridiron season was again to be Swarthmore's year of years but due to a combination of bad breaks, injuries, and numerous flies in the well-known ointment, the Garnet men failed to click at all consistently. As a result a lone victory over Johns Hopkins was the only game chalked down in the win column.

Despite the lack of victories the team established a new college travelling record. The Swarthmore rambles or nomads played in four states and covered a distance of nearly 2000 miles in their wanderings. The major defect in the whole set-up, however, was that the team did this travelling to and from the field and not on the field.

In the initial encounter with Washington College the Garnet eleven showed much latent power although defeated by a score of 15-6. The Maryland eleven was undefeated since 1935 and yet a fighting "Little Quaker" eleven outplayed them most of the way and

went down to defeat in the last four minutes of play. During the first quarter the Swarthmore combine forced its way to the enemy 10 yard line only to be checked. As the half ended the Garnet unloosed a sustained offensive with Peters and Cooper carrying the ball and thrust their way to their rival's one yard line again to be held at bay by the stalwart forward wall of the "old liners." The ultimate winners got their break as the third quarter opened. Buckingham fumbled on his own 25 yard marker. Young, the visitors' fleet back, swivel hipped his way to the 12 yard line and then Nicholson, 200 pound fullback, ploughed through to the one yard stripe and on the next play pushed over the first tally of the game. The place kick for the extra point was blocked. At the outset of the final period the Garnet unloosed a bewildering aerial attack which tied up the game. Swarthmore gained possession of the ball on their rival's 40 yard line. Osbourn faded back and hurled a forward to Captain Jim McCormack who

lateraled to Lichtenwalner who lateraled to Peter who scampered the remaining 25 yards to a touchdown. The Swarthmore spectators were quite amazed, and needless to say, highly elated at the turn of events and nearly tore the grandstand apart. But Peter failed to convert the extra point and the contest seemed destined to end in a stalemate. However, in the waning moments of the game, Peter fumbled a bad pass on his own 20 and the opponents recovered. A line plunge and a penalty moved the ball to the 11 yard line and then Hullman, a 210 pound sophomore, skirted end for the winning touchdown.

On the ensuing Saturday the "Red Devils" from Dickinson dropped in at Swarthmore field and nosed the "Little Quakers" out by a 14-7 score. Fumbles again halted the Garnet in this bid for victory. Scarcely had the game opened when Osbourn fumbled and Dickinson recovered on the home 20 yard marker. After several ineffectual stabs at the line Kiehl passed to Weiner who was downed on the one. Kiehl plunged over on the next play. Binder added the extra marker. For the next two quarters the Carlisle aggregation kept the play constantly in the shadows of the Swarthmore goal posts and garnered 7 more points in the third

period. The lone Swarthmore offensive thrust came in the last period when "Playing Ben" Cooper, the Marlton Mauler, skirted around his own left end and twisted his way through the whole Dickinson team and raced 74 yards for a touchdown. Spruance place kicked the extra point. Again, however, the final whistle blew with the home contingent a touchdown behind. Dud Perkins, star halfback, injured his knee in this game and was forced out for the rest of the season.

After two disheartening setbacks the "Little Quakers" came back to score an overwhelming victory over Johns Hopkins. This was the first, last, and only victory of the season. The Garnet unleashed a sustained drive early in the first quarter which was terminated only by Osbourn crossing the last white chalk line for a touchdown. Spruance missed the try for extra point. Hardly had the cheers for the touchdown died away when Kelley, the "medicos" right half, ran 69 yards through an overconfident Swarthmore team to deadlock the game. The visitors failed to convert the extra marker. It was not until the third quarter that the locals broke the tie. "Playing Ben" Cooper (as the Inquirer calls him) raced 50 yards to mid-field where Bud Peter punted out of bounds on the Hopkins eleven.





MC CORNICK, CAPTAIN

At this juncture Morrisett blocked a Hopkins punt and recovered it on the Hopkins 5 yard line. Cooper then knifed through tackle for the decisive score. Spruance again failed to convert. Later in the same period, Tom Welch, sophomore end, stuck his classic features into another Hopkins punt and picked up the bounding pigskin on the 17 yard line and ran the remaining distance to the first touchdown of his intercollegiate career. Clement then made the concluding tally of the game with a well guided place kick. Score: Swarthmore—19, Hopkins—6; and the college ball, long rusty from disuse, got its lone airing of the season in its new environment.

Following the Hopkins game the Garnet ramblers

started on their barnstorming tour of the East. Hamilton in the wilds of New York was the first stop and the locals traveled through floods and Schenectady enroute to the game. The actual contest was a punting duel for the most part with Hamilton making good on their lone opportunity to score while Swarthmore failed on three seemingly advantageous occasions. The only touchdown came near the conclusion of the first half when Massath hurled two long passes and then plunged over himself from the 2 yard stripe. Saturday night after the game was spent in the Hotel Pennsylvania and the local grid warriors drowned defeat in the soothing music of Hal Kemp while the more intrepid ventured forth into New York night life, viz: the Broadway dance halls. Thus the trip was a success socially if not athletically.

The second excursion on the Cook's tour was the pleasant jaunt up to New England to play the Amherst boys who were thirsting for revenge for last year's defeat. Friday night was spent in Northhampton, the home of Smith College. This was a tactical error on the part of Swarthmore board of strategy, for it looked as though the fleet had come in when the Swarthmore boys made a bee-line for the classic halls of Smith. However, undaunted, the team faced Amherst in what was supposed to be a great struggle. Swarthmore was minus the brilliant Ben Cooper who was injured, but otherwise the team had high hopes for victory. Amherst scored the first touchdown and converted and shortly after, the Garnet, due to Buckingham's great passing, marched to the Lord Jeff one yard line where Osbourn crossed over. It was nip and tuck for almost the remainder of the half when things began to happen; fullback Osbourn, right-guard Clement, and right-



tackle Spruance were carried off the field and Amherst promptly made two more touchdowns. As the third period opened second string Tommy Taylor was hurt and Anlinsen, a guard, was pressed into service at full-back. All of Swarthmore's 20 men were forced to play and Coach Pfann was in dire need of pressing some of the more rabid alumni into the fray. The final score was 40-6 and the team looked like the retreat from Moscow as heavily bandaged they limped back to Pennsylvania.

Having said farewell (and not fondly) to the balmy weather of the Bay state the nomads journeyed to the hotbed of the Confederacy in old Virginia, sub! The team stayed in Farmville, Virginia, Friday night across the street from a Women's State Teachers' College. Mindful of the Amherst disaster our lads were herded off the movies for their pre-game recreation. Regardless the Hampden-Sydney tigers clawed their way to a 15-0 victory over the Garnet on a mud-soaked field. The cold wintry Virginia weather contrasted with the balmy New England climate of the week before. In the first half the two teams battled to a scoreless tie in the quagmire. However, a blocked punt paved the way for a Virginia touchdown in the third quarter and a moment later the old dominion team scored another 6 pointer to put the game on ice. The Swarthmore visitors were handicapped by the loss of Buddy Peter, star, triple threat, and spearhead of the Garnet attack, who suffered a broken collar-bone in the first quarter. In addition Spruance and Osbourn were out from injuries in the Amherst contest. Consequently, the Garnet made a very creditable showing against the strongly rated southern eleven. Saturday night after the game the



MORRISSETT

boys took Richmond by storm and again turned athletic disaster into social success.

The homecoming game with Susquehanna was something of an anti-climax. A tired, crippled Swarthmore eleven put up a game first half light but wilted in the second half and Amos A. Stagg, Jr.'s club ran up a 54-0 victory over the hapless Garnet. The Crusaders scored early in the first period but the hard fighting "Little Quakers" with the Buckingham to Cooper passing combination clicking to perfection marched from mid-field to the visitor's 4 yard line. McCormack caught a pass just over the end zone, so no goal was allowed and Swarthmore lost the ball and their lone





TAYLOR

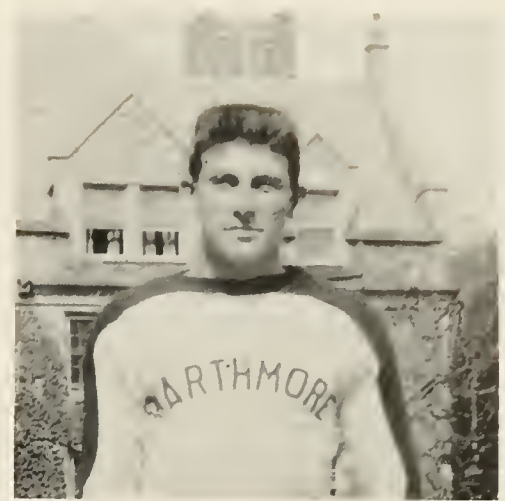
scoring opportunity as the half ended. The remainder of the game was a rout.

Captain Jim McCormack wound up his brilliant career playing consistently well with or without that Sweet Briar inspiration. Jim was in every minute of every game, proving that they grow them tough out there in the Wisconsin wilds. "Twit" Taylor playing his first season as a regular turned in a dependable performance at the pivot post and acted as chaperone to Laird Lichtenwalner on the trips. Laird was the club spark plug and to everyone's surprise (including the aforesaid Laird) he developed into a super Carideo with his coffin corner kicks in the Susquehanna game. Dick Post whose conversation on trips runs to asking

for more food and bigger beds used his 195 pounds to good advantage as understudy tackle for both regulars. Tommy Taylor did well as a sub for Ozzie and drove McCormack to Sweet Briar after the Hampden-Sydney game. Jack Osbourn, the 180 pound fullback, despite the nickname of "Yoo Hoo Osbourn" and numerous leg injuries, played good ball throughout the season. The rest of the junior backfield stars, Cooper, Peter, and Buckingham, were consistent ground gainers all season. Captain-elect Ben Cooper turned in the season's longest run and defended New Jersey against scurrilous attacks; Bud Peter ran, kicked and passed and boasted of old Burboline; while Jim Buckingham proved himself one of the best passers in the East and effectually



COOPER



PETER

gagged Osbourn when the latter mentioned Abington. The tackles, Morrisett and Spruance, starred on the field as much as they did at Smith College and with Hal Kemp. Outstanding on the club were the hard-hitting guards, MacClement and Ward Fowler, Pennsylvania and Iowa farmers, respectively, whose discussions of corn-husking and their high school wrestling days were enjoyed by each other at any rate. Chris Anfinson and Bob Troeger who weigh half a ton between them used their weight well in bolstering the middle of the line. Tom Broomall saw much service as a tackle while Sherman Garrison alone with Ben Cooper defended the honor of old South Jersey. Tom Welch, the pride and joy of '38, was the only lineman to score a touchdown all season and made a swell running mate for Captain Jim. Kirschlager and Stone, two

more sophomore flashes, were as fast on the football field as they were in the Broadway dance halls.

It sounds like an old story but next year things look bright. Fifteen lettermen are returning to the fold including veterans at every position, 5 backs, and 10 linemen. Plus the holdovers there is a wealth of freshmen end, tackle, and backfield material which can be greatly relied on.

The record:

Swarthmore.....	6	Washington	15
Swarthmore.....	7	Dickinson	14
Swarthmore.....	19	Johns Hopkins	6
Swarthmore.....	0	Hamilton	7
Swarthmore.....	6	Amherst	40
Swarthmore.....	0	Hampden-Sydney..	15
Swarthmore.....	0	Susquehanna	54



LICHTENWALNER



HALLOWELL

OEHMANN

SCHROEDER



PETER

Soccer

THE varsity gridders have never been modest about the opinions they hold of the boys who compete for the autumn limelight by booting their way around the prep school field. Like the varsity Pfann dancers, the booters' season didn't turn out so well as planned. But that wasn't Eureka's fault. In fact, that lady's activity made the great unwashed on the sidelines wonder whether the Dunnmen would come out next in hem-stitched shorts and chiffon socks. Mac Falconer apparently finds it hard to keep his eye on the goal unless his winsome better half stands on the sidelines. Our sandy perpendicular goalie was even accompanied in away games by the most devoted part of his public. So it's

a plate of toast to Eureka who even subjected herself to training tables.

The Little Quakers, minus Zeke, Harlow and Davis, who were passed by the ravages of time into the realm of the old boys, nevertheless started out with eight returning letter men. They warmed up with a tied game with the Germantown Cricket Club. And by hyphenating the German-American reserves with a 2-1 score, Captain Gibby's men gave us the first Dutch treat of the season.

Old Jupe Pluvius heard about the Swarthmore soccer schedule pretty early and gave us a consistently muddy field that couldn't deter Shorty Ray.



BECK

FALCONER

Our first inter-collegiate meet was with Franklin and Marshall. In a fast moving game the Lancastrians left us with a 1-0 defeat. The Hicksites next grappled with Princeton. The opponents made their goal in the middle of the third period, made Dunnie smoke another pack of weeds, and finally spurred Gibby to score for Swarthmore in the last five minutes of the fourth quarter, leaving our meet with the eating club boys a tie score 1-1 and leaving Dunnie almost snowed under by cigarette butts. Our only consolation in the Penn game was that we held the Big Quakers at bay by a not too passive resistance for eighty minutes; but somebody was caught in the mud or asleep the last two minutes and the city slickers won, 1-0.

Harper's corner kick into the cage in the last fifteen seconds of an overtime period tied our game with Lafayette 2-2. After the regulation game had ended with a 1-1 deadlock, Lafayette's Hoy came through with a tally after three minutes of the extra session. But the cries of the pulchritude set Harper to resolve and Swarthmore broke through with its third tie. A bucket of mud should go to Bill Harrison in this game for a neat play

that extricated the old leather circumference from a huddled scrimmage near the Quaker goal.



DOBBINS

CRESSON



Doc Palmer knew that it wasn't the end of an era when Swarthmore inflicted defeat upon Lehigh for the eighth time in the last thirteen years in a swift game which ended in a 2-0 score and tied the Garnet with Princeton for third place in the Middle Atlantic League. Gburski was forced out at the beginning of the Bedlamite game by an ankle injury and got his dogs in the way again during the Cornell game which left the Garnet defeated, 2-0.

The feature attraction on the Dunnmen's schedule was of course the Haverford classic which gives the freshmen a chance to absorb a good Main Line prejudice and even steal a Haverford dink or two. In the traditional preliminaries, the Haverford Jay Vees beat the junior Garnets 2-1. That of course threw the Red and Black off its guard and probably encouraged their goalie to catch up on his beauty sleep. But Dunnie gave the Varsity a pep talk and Harper gritted his molars. The scene was the prep school field, filled with Haverford rooters who should have lost their pants. As for the more human side on the Swarthmore sidelines: a kangaroo to the Eat-a-lots for their persistent cheers that may have upset the equilibrium of our woman starved rivals (if Bryn Mawr is still the haven of discriminating taste) and a hamburger to Prexie for his administrative concern for the safety of the Swarthmore lion mascot which almost lost its skin to an advancing Main Line contingent.

Two goals by the Garnet center forward, one in the second quarter and other in the final period, secured the Hicksites their fifth victory in the fifteen-year-old



drama with the Red and Black. The Garnet gained a first half lead over the Haverfordians when Shorty Ray Schroeder cut in to an inside position and passed to old accurate toe Harper in the center. Swarthmore's center forward passed the pants lancers' fullback, Joe Taylor, and dribbled toward Goalie Hen Tomkinson. Harper was spilled by Haverford's co-captain but Al's goalward boot trickled past Tomkinson into the unguarded net and put the Garnet ahead with its first tally, 1-0. A similar pass from Shorty to Harper found Haverford's goalie all guard once more and gave Swarthmore a 2-0 winning score, gave the old College bell a little exercise, and gave Captain Gilby's last game for Swarthmore a rather tear jerking dramatic finish. "Stone Face" Hallowell starred at left inside but he'll blush if you tell him so.



The Swarthmore season gave us fourth ranking in the Middle Atlantic League. Two valuable letter men will pass into the realm of Miss Lukens' alumni files—Captain Oehmann and Mac Falconer. We're not so sure about Paul Peter—going into the files, we mean.

Scores:

Germantown Cricket Club..	5	Swarthmore....	5
German-American Reserves	1	Swarthmore....	2
Franklin and Marshall.....	1	Swarthmore....	0
Princeton	1	Swarthmore....	1
Pennsylvania	1	Swarthmore....	0
Lafayette	2	Swarthmore....	2
Lehigh	0	Swarthmore....	2
Cornell	2	Swarthmore....	0
Haverford	0	Swarthmore....	2





BUCKINGHAM



MURPHY

Basketball

TWIT TAYLOR'S starring quintet brought home the bacon this year with the first Haverford victory since 1935 and bequeathed to that little conglomeration of rotund forces summarized in "A" section's angelic Archie, a returning first team and a Varsity intact save for "Mouse" Lichtenwalner, who has battled with the Larkinmen for four years.

The basketceers opened up a promising season with seven lettermen returning and several promising thirtyniners. Larkin and Ruff had sufficiently gotten over the loss of Abrams and Prest to wax enthusiastic. The winter sport, inaugurated by the traditional alumni game, began the first of four pre-Christmas victories by topping the old boys in a fast moving game that practically proved the healthful wholesomeness of old degenerate Wharton life. This was quickly followed up by a game with Pharmacy on our court which resulted in a 45-24 defeat for the potential soda jerkers. From then on Captain Buckingham began his amazing collection of points that topped his 1934-35 record and made him eastern high scorer. Buck's five two points and fifteen foul shots made up most of our points in the Swarthmore victory over Stevens, 58-52. The Hoboken engineers closed up on an early Carnet lead and in the final moments of the game the margin was cut to one point. The boiler testers offered Swarthmore a couple of tight defense combinations in the opening minutes of the game and held the local boys



HALLOWELL

WRAY

from working under the net, as well as forcing their own men to shoot from the center. The scoreless period was finally shattered when the Stevens' leader, Piercy, tallied with a foul shot. Almost immediately Mr. Buckingham's boy Buck began the first of seven consecutive points, while the scorer's paternal parent told us that Buck was a twin!

The Little Quakers met Hampden-Sydney for the first time in the third intercollegiate game of the season. Adopting an uncanny ability to get himself fouled, the York twin scored heavily for a Garnet victory, 48-50. Among the promising thirty-niners, Pard used Cook, a former local high school sensation, Dick Harris, and Jack Wright.

We might enter here, for the sake of the record, that all during this period, little Archer's Jay Vees were piling up wins while the Machiavelli of the court, Paul Peter, did his Ruddy Razzendale work.

The Little Quakers went right into DuPont's backyard to snatch a 29-27 victory from the University of Delaware but lost their first game of the season to St. John's with a 50-24 score which was, to inject some tear jerking consolation, an improvement over the trouncing the Jacks gave us last year, 57-11.

After gaining a slim 19-18 lead over Drexel in a packed Curtis Hall, the Garnet lost to the engineers 59-55. "Stoney Face" Hollowell, only two months removed from a sensational soccer season, popped the

old versatility while Sammy Kalkstein, with a face that scared the frosh, was ruled out on personal fouls. Frosh Ted Cook scored to close the final gap after Drexel's Raynes boomed things up with three long field goals.

In a game marked by erratic passing and shots too far and few between, Wesleyan topped us 55-22 in the third defeat of the season. Both teams exhibited a tight defense before the intermission. But a combination of deadly shots from the Methodists' Fred Sonstoen and an injured ankle of Buck's fused to more than neutralize the brilliant playing of Long Gordon Tapley and Ted Cook. Ted scored twice from the floor and passed well although he himself passed out of the basketball picture after the first semester. Richie Wray played the best game, scoring eight points and putting up a fine defense against the Wesleyan onslaught that left us with a quiet college bell and a 55-22 defeat. This was followed by a close defeat by Moravian 40-59, which we'll attribute to a long bus trip.

A packed Hall gym roared for a tie during a last minute period which left us within two points of reversing the Lehigh jinx of years standing. We came away with a 58 score which matched our last year's record with the Bedlamites.

After a J.V. trouncing from the Pennsylvania Military Cadets, the Varsity followed up and saved the



VARSITY SQUAD

TOP ROW—WRIGHT, TAPLEY, HARRIS, MALONE, POTTINGER

BOTTOM ROW—KALKSTEIN, HALLOWELL, BUCKINGHAM, MURPHY, WRAY

day with a 36-31 college bell ringer. In the first half the Quakers led 23-4 but a change of tactics by the Chester uniforms gave us a stiff battle in the second period that narrowly missed success. The benches were filled with Swarthmore pulchritude that night who went over to Chester either to see the place, see the soldiers, or upset the equilibrium of old Colonel Hyatt's militia.

The Garnet next lost to Baltimore 50-40 in a home game that was preceded by a J.V. defeat by York Collegiate, 25-20 in which Levering and Clarkie starred. Although Baltimore started the scoring the first few minutes of the game were even and gave hope of a Garnet victory. But four consecutive baskets in quick succession by the visitors created a substantial lead that broke us by ten points.

Swarthmore reiterated on a smaller scale a quick defeat on Osteopathy, 57-52, in a brilliant attack led by "Monkey" Wray and Sandy Spring's Stoney Face. The osteopaths ran up eight points to the Garnet's four in the first few minutes of the second period, thus giving the Philadelphia massagers a ten point lead. Tommy and Richie put on the steam and scored 14

points in a row, while Buck and Tap added five more. Both teams played at a disadvantage because of the size of the court and the poor lighting. With the new field house we'll expect great things, or have the Biddles, the Lippincotts, the Clothiers, and the Worths donated money in vain?

The day of the Penn game was tough from more than one point of view. It was the second defeat for pompous Archer's recalcitrant Jay Vees who met a plutocratic quintet of Hillbillies that afternoon and came away astounded by the fact that the Pottstown boys went to Florida for their baseball workouts. Then Penn gave them a trouncing that preceded the Garnet's 47-23. Fifteen hundred fans crowded the Palestra to see the city slickers more than double Swarthmore's points. Hallowell of Swarthmore and Penn's Hanger were the high scorers of the evening, sinking ten and nine, respectively. But even the *Phoenix* had graciously conceded the defeat. This game, Buck's tenth this season, brought his record to 115 points, an all high for that number of games.

Two far-away trips, to Union and Hamilton, netted

us two defeats, although by that time campus enthusiasm with a vengeance was focusing upon the coming Haverford classic.

After a little mix-up in regard to the place in which the contest would take place, which was marked by an exchange of letters between Andy Simpson, Doc Palmer, the *Phoenix* and a final collection announcement by Dean Speight, the prospects of a field house game faded and the classic took place at the Main Line gym.

Haverford beat the Garnet J.V. and five Main Line old boys defeated Swarthmore's has-beens in a slow preliminary that was marked by good playing by Bill Stetson and McCracken.

The chances for a Haverford victory fell upon the shoulders of "Sugar" Kane, who was given two foul shots after the gun had banged the close of the game. As Referee Abrams fired, Jimmy Murphy fouled Kane. Unaware of the foul the Garnet rooters roared their acclaim while the Haverfordians groaned and got ready for the dance they threw in our honor, 65 cents per. With the score at 26-24, the ref gave Sugar two shots which would have tied the score and stopped our

chances for a victory that we've needed since 1935. In a dramatic shot that we'll be talking about for generations, Kane sank a point. With the score now 26-25 Kane lost his aim and shot one a few inches too short. Then Haverford threw us a dance.

Scores:

Swarthmore.....	15	Pharmacy	24
Swarthmore.....	58	Stevens	22
Swarthmore.....	48	Hampden-Sydney	30
Swarthmore.....	29	Delaware	27
Swarthmore.....	21	St. John's	50
Swarthmore.....	55	Drexel	39
Swarthmore.....	22	Wesleyan	55
Swarthmore.....	59	Moravian	40
Swarthmore.....	58	Lehigh	40
Swarthmore.....	56	P. M. C.	51
Swarthmore.....	40	Baltimore	50
Swarthmore.....	57	Osteopathy	52
Swarthmore.....	25	Pennsylvania	47
Swarthmore.....	52	Union	42
Swarthmore.....	55	Hamilton	50
Swarthmore.....	26	Haverford	25



JUNIOR VARSITY



GARRISON

Swimming

TOTAL POINTS

Captain Sherman Garrison.....	45
James McCormack	41
Earl Benditt (Captain-elect)	37
Hoffman Stone	28
David Brown	27
John Thomas	16
Keith Simmer	15
James Zinner	15
William Carroll	14
John Love	9
Nathan Smith	7
Lewis Bose	1

FACING the 1955-6 season minus Captain Jim Rice, David Heilig and James Alburger, all of whom graduated last June, but with bright prospects in the class of 1959, the swimming team under the leadership of Sherman Garrison, '56, with Henry Parrish as coach, completed a rather unsatisfactory series of meets on March 7, when they lost to Delaware.

The first contest was with West Chester, whom they defeated decisively. Led by McCormack and Benditt with 6 points each, and taking first place in every event, the final score was 47-19. On January 21, however, the team went to Villanova to lose by a narrow margin with a final count of 59-56. Leahy of Villanova was high scorer with 12 points, Swarthmore's McCormack second with 10. Keith Simmer, brilliant

freshman star, turned in the most spectacular victory of the day in the 100 yard dash.

The next meet, with Lehigh, was also a defeat, again by a close score, 50-52. The next week, however, Swarthmore rallied to down Johns Hopkins 49-25. Taking six first places, Garrison starred, winning the 440 yard free style by over fifteen yards. Again the freshman performers made a good showing, Thomas coming in second in the 100 yard dash. McCormack again led with a total of ten points.

In a continued winning streak, we defeated Union 46-25, taking five first places. Sherman Garrison broke the record of the Union pool for the 440 yard event by two seconds. He made the high score of ten points, with McCormack second with six.

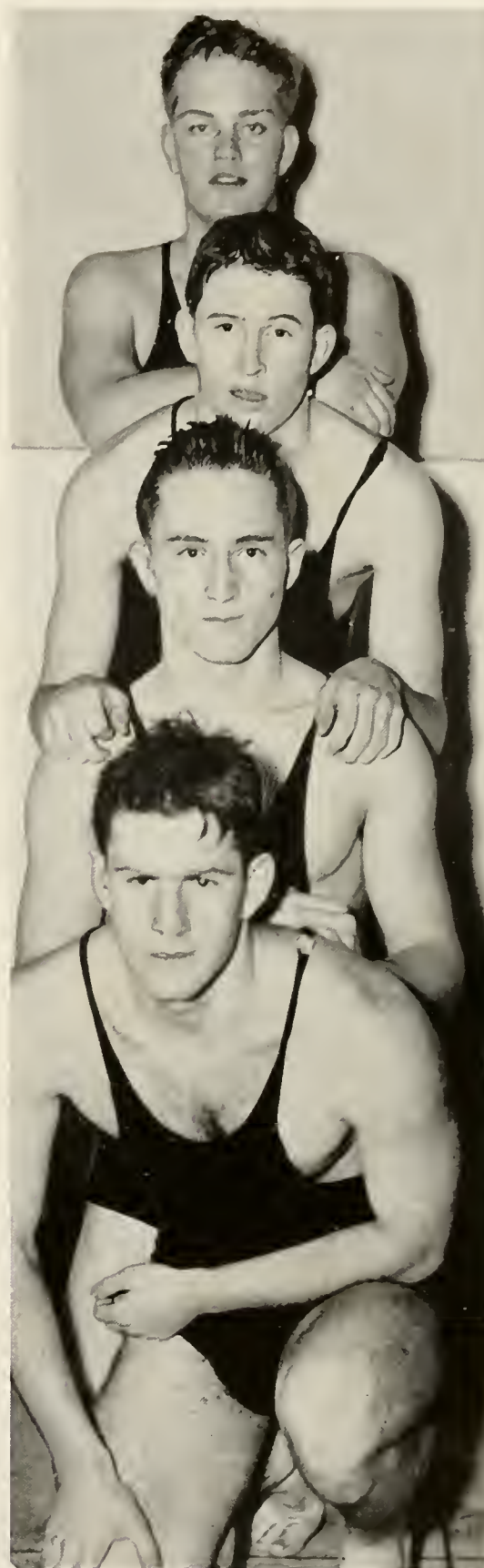
In the last two meets, with Lafayette and Delaware, Swarthmore was defeated. In the former, although setting two pool records, we lost 50-52. During an afternoon of brilliant swimming, with the season's high scorers, Captain Garrison and Jim McCormack swimming in the home pool for the last time, Benditt, Brown and the Captain turned in excellent performances.

The final meet was ignominious, with a score of 50-18. The only first place we obtained was by the retiring captain in the 440 yard free style, although Benditt lost by inches in the 220 yard event. Brown and Zinner made second place in the 150 yard backstroke and 200 yard breaststroke, respectively.

With Garrison and McCormack graduating, Earl Benditt, who made a total of 57 points during the season, was elected captain. To make up for the loss of our two high scorers, there are a number of very promising sophomores and freshmen who have shown that they will be admirably able to fill the breach next year. With such swimmers as Stone, Brown, Carrol, Simmer, Thomas and Zinner, Coach Henry Parrish looks forward to a more successful season in 1957.

Season:

Swarthmore.....	47	West Chester	19
Swarthmore.....	56	Villanova	59
Swarthmore.....	52	Lehigh	56
Swarthmore.....	49	Johns Hopkins	25
Swarthmore.....	46	Union	25
Swarthmore.....	52	Lafayette	59
Swarthmore.....	18	Delaware	50

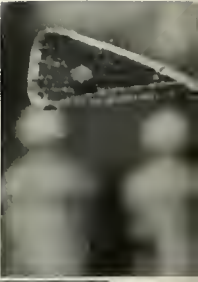


SIMMER

THOMAS

STONE

BENDITT



LICHTENWALNER; KALKSTEIN; BELL

TROEGER; MORRISSETT

Lacrosse



LEWIS; MC CORMACK; POTTINGER; COOPER

PRICE

ON Wednesday, May 15, the 1955 Lacrosse team defeated the University of Pennsylvania, completing a comparatively successful season with, out of nine major games, four victories, in comparison to the 1954 record of only two wins. Under the leadership of Captain Robert Lewis and Coach Avery Blake, the Garnet stickmen fought hard and often spectacularly for these rather more gratifying results.

The first encounter in 1955 was on March 16 in a pre-season game with the Philadelphia Lacrosse Club, played at Swarthmore. The contest was closely fought, with the Garnet leading 8-6 at the end of the third period, but, ironically enough, due largely to the skillful manoeuvres of several Swarthmore graduates, their Alma Mater was defeated 10-9. Handicapped by the inexperience of most of the players, the home team was

unable to resist the veterans, who played a powerful, aggressive game. Barney Price led a desperate drive in the closing minutes of the game and succeeded in bringing the score up to within one point of the opponents', and the playing of Buddy Peter and Ben Cooper helped to reduce the lead which the opposing Club piled up in the opening period. The second engagement, also a pre-season game, was with the powerful Mount Washington Club, on March 25. It ended disastrously, with a score of 15-2, on the victor's rain-soaked field. This defeat, however, like the preceding one, offered excellent practice for the green Garnet group.

The first victory of the season was won from the College of the City of New York. The game was played on the front campus on April 6, and served as

a vehicle for Laird Lichtenwalner's starring performance of five goals. By this achievement, Lichtenwalner equalled the accomplishment of C. C. N. Y.'s All-American attack man, Lester Rosner. Captain Bob Lewis netted four shots. He started the ball rolling, literally, in the opening minutes when he made the first score for Swarthmore. Then C. C. N. Y. forged ahead with two goals for their only lead of the afternoon, but the Garnet Captain and Ben Cooper, who later sustained an ankle injury and was forced to leave the game, again put Swarthmore into the lead with a goal apiece. Lichtenwalner and Dudley Perkins both scored again in the first quarter. The Garnet scored several times again in the second period, bringing the score at the half to 10-5. During the second half, every man on the Swarthmore bench saw action, leaving Coach Blake without an available substitute when the final whistle blew, and Swarthmore continued to roll up the score, leaving it finally at 19-12.

The next week brought another victory, and also a defeat. The victory was from the weak Lehigh team, on April 10. Played on the front campus in a pouring rain, the game served as little more than a good practice for Swarthmore as we rapidly piled up nineteen points. Sam Kalkstein led the attack, breaking through the defense for the first goal of the game, and others, from Lichtenwalner, Bud Peter, Allen Longshore, Oehmann, Price, McCormack and Schrader followed throughout the game. The final score was 19-5. On April 15, St. John's met us, and we dropped the game to them 19-4. Swarthmore started out with strong resistance to the far superior opponents, but our defense was broken down in the first period, largely through the brilliant playing of St. John's All-American Everett Smith, who led his team with six goals altogether. In the final period, when St. John's was pushing its score toward the final nineteen, the Garnet defense broke down badly, and although Bell and Kalkstein scored, the play was overwhelmingly in favor of St. John's.

In a surprise attack, the Rutgers team defeated Swarthmore 10-4 at home on April 20. Bud Peter led our attack, making two goals. The visitors took the lead in the first quarter, to keep it throughout the game, when Rutgers' Dick Chartrand made the first score. The half ended with the score at 5-2, and at the beginning of the fourth period, Peter brought it to 6-4, but the Scarlet team began a strong attack which gave them four more points during the last quarter.

On April 27, the Stevens team came to Swarthmore

to win 9-7 in a close game. Sam Kalkstein topped the Garnet scorers with two goals, but Salvatori, of Stevens, was high scorer for the day. Stevens opened up early in the game, but Lichtenwalner made one goal in the first period. McCormack and Price and Kalkstein, in a quick-fire attack, brought the score to 4-4 at the half. Gburski, Kalkstein and Peter made three more goals for Swarthmore, but a winning streak in the last minutes gave Stevens the game.

On a trip the next week-end, Swarthmore scored one victory, over Union, and lost to Springfield, on May 5, and May 4, respectively. In the first game of which the score was 4-1, Lichtenwalner, Price, Peter and Perkins made the goals which resulted in our victory. In the second game, Springfield piled up a score of 15-5, our goals being made by Lewis, who scored two, and Sam Kalkstein. After the half, the opposing team held Swarthmore scoreless while they netted goal after goal to complete their triumph.

A strong Army ten brought another defeat to Swarthmore at West Point on May 11. In the 6-1 game, with Lichtenwalner alone scoring for Swarthmore, the Garnet put up a stiff fight but was unable to do more than hold the Army down to six. The struggle was a hard one, but the odds were all against us.

The season, despite this series of defeats, ended with a victory. On May 15, the team met the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia and won 9-4. Barney Price was high scorer, making a total of four goals, and Kalkstein was a close second with three. Gibby Oehmann made the other two. The Garnet started strong with Price's first goal, and held their lead through the game.

The team, under the new Captaincy of Laird Lichtenwalner, has a bright outlook for the 1956 season. Only Captain Lewis will not be returning, and with a more experienced team, there is basis for hope that the coming year will see a more successful schedule.

Season:

Swarthmore.....	9	Phila. Lacrosse Club	10
Swarthmore.....	2	Mt. Washington	15
Swarthmore.....	19	C. C. N. Y.	12
Swarthmore.....	19	Lehigh	5
Swarthmore.....	4	St. John's	19
Swarthmore.....	4	Rutgers	10
Swarthmore.....	7	Stevens	9
Swarthmore.....	4	Union	1
Swarthmore.....	5	Springfield	15
Swarthmore.....	9	Penn	4

Cross Country

WHAT did you say? Pallbearers? No, friend reader, you are wrong; they are not pallbearers, but actually the Cross-country team. Just exactly why they should look so the HALCYON editors don't know. We just make the write-up; they pose for the pictures. It may be that they are dead on their feet after a hard day's run. Or it may be that they are just dead on their feet.

Cross-country, as you have surely deduced from its name, is a sport having to do with loping around great expanses of territory. In dull, adventureless days like these, Cross-country fills a niche which in ages past was filled by exploring and frontier expanding. Just think of the thrills attending racing across four miles of beautiful wooded land! And the feeling of exploration when rushing over a strange course for the first time! (While thinking of the excitement and thrills, don't look at the picture. It will spoil the illusion.) In the dead of winter the early dusk means that a sense of danger attends stumbling home in the dark. Sometimes, though, an obliging moon supplies a lighted route, and, possibly, a romantic atmosphere. What would better prepare one for a good Table Party than running down the home stretch by the light of an exotic moon? On the other hand, what worse way is there for preparing for a Table Party than running your

fool head off all afternoon so that each step thereafter brings forth concentrated groans?

In case you have been wondering, Cross-country is a competitive sport. Someone (probably a laissez-laie economist) decided that the exploratory and romantic incentives of Cross-country were not sufficient and so added the competitive idea. The result is that two or more groups of runners get together and run all over the lot. After they all come back everybody gets out a slide-rule and starts computing the results. Scoring this sport is a mess. (The writer would rather avoid this subject; but after all, we've got to fill in this space.) In the first place, the side with the lowest score wins. That's because the winner counts one point for his side; the second finishing man counts two, and so on. In this way it is possible to win a meet without placing first. Swarthmore approves, not having finished a man first in any of the four runs, three of which we won. The three won were against Drexel, Johns Hopkins, and Franklin and Marshall. We lost only one, to Lafayette.

The Record:

Swarthmore.....	25	Franklin & Marshall	50
Swarthmore.....	27	Johns Hopkins	28
Swarthmore.....	31	Lafayette	24
Swarthmore.....	50	Drexel	55

SECOND ROW: YOUNG, BRADBURY, STEVENS, ASH, WARNER, BEARDSLEY, SCUDDER
FRONT ROW: MEADER, CADWALLADER, LOEB, BOSE, HENDLEY





FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, COUNTER-CLOCKWISE: TURNER,
KIRSCHLAGER, BARRON, BARCLAY, ADAMS

Track

THE most interesting feature of Track as a sport is that it affords an opportunity for recognition of individual excellence regardless of the outcome of the meet between teams. But this is just another way of saying "Swarthmore gains a moral victory." We may not win all the meets, but we have some swell individual performers. There is, on the other hand, one thing about Track which works to our disadvantage; that is the number that must be on a squad. Golf and tennis with six or seven can get by; Lacrosse and baseball with more, but still not too many, can get by; but in a small college to build up a squad large enough to enter two men in each of fourteen events requires more than we've got. With these apologies and explanations out of the way, let us see what happened.

We lost our first meet. That's a blunt way to put





it, yet true. Alums are used to such facts by now. The meet was at home, against Lehigh, with the points 79-47. The visitors snagged ten firsts, eight seconds, and five thirds, while we were pulling down only three firsts, six seconds, and eight thirds. High scorers for Swarthmore Roderick and Kirschlager who earned six points each. Our three firsts were made by Moxey in the broad jump, Smith in the mile, and Kirschlager in the 440-yd. run. Except for the fact that Lehigh had to use the same field and track, we might say the slipperiness and sogginess were to blame. It did certainly slow things up.

The next week was slightly different. This was a joint meet among Haverford, Swarthmore, and Amherst. Swarthmore came in third. (The writer just thought and thought and thought but couldn't figure out any better way to admit that we came in third.) We got only two firsts, six seconds, and three thirds. Smith again crashed through setting the pace for the entire race and winning the 5000 meter run (two mile run, to you). Harris and Barclay and a Haverford fellow all tied for first in the pole vault. The score, which must be included for posterity's sake, was Amherst 72, Haverford 46 $\frac{1}{6}$, and Swarthmore 55 $\frac{5}{6}$.

The next week brought something more pleasant to talk about. Swarthmore won. It was close, but after all nothing is so interesting as a close track meet—if you win. It was with Drexel, the score 67 $\frac{1}{2}$ -61 $\frac{1}{2}$. We took six firsts to their seven, tying one. The track events brought in more points for us than the field events. An exception was the pole vault where we finished one, two, three. Our six firsts were: 100-yd. dash, Moxey;



TOP TO BOTTOM, CLOCKWISE: PEARSON, WORTH, SMITH, HALLOWELL

220- and 440-yd. runs, Kirschlager; two mile, Smith (he's always there); 220-yd. low hurdles, Pearson; pole vault, Barclay. Two days later the Penn Relays occurred at which we chalked up fourth on Friday and second on Saturday in our division.

The following week Swarthmore whipped up to Lafayette for a meet which we won by the narrow margin of 65-61. There was some difficulty about not letting us come back until a missing towel was relinquished. The team voiced its opinion of who the culprit was. Said culprit gave it up and our boys returned with glory, but no towel. Lafayette took more firsts than we but we snagged all but two seconds and three thirds. Loeb won the two mile for us with Cadwallader and Smith finishing two, three. Paynie took the low hurdles in a fine time of 25.4 sec. Spaulding took the pole vault and Turner the discus.

Then came the important Middle Atlantic States Collegiate A. A. meet at Bethlehem. We finished third with 22 1/5 points, placing in every event which

meant every man brought home a medal. Pearson again came through winning the 220-yd. low hurdles, this time in 25.6 sec. Big Jim Turner hurled the discus 132 ft. 5 in., a mighty throw, better than the preceding year's win by our man, yet here only good enough for second.

The season closed with a rip-roaring victory over Johns Hopkins, 85-45. We captured ten firsts, nine seconds, and six thirds. Kirschlager's time of 52.6 sec. in the 440 was a real speed, his best performance of the year. And so the year ended much better than it started out. Fourteen letters were awarded; Paynie was chosen captain; only three lettermen graduated; and a new year was looked forward to.

Season:

Swarthmore	47	Lehigh	79
Swarthmore	55 5/6	Haverford	46 1/6 Amherst 72
Swarthmore	67 1/2	Drexel	61 1/2
Swarthmore	65	Lafayette	61
Swarthmore	85	J/Hopkins	45

Baseball

DESPITE the presence of seemingly good material the baseball season was exceedingly poor. Victories over St. John's and Stevens were the season's highlights. Lack of pitching material was the main source of trouble as well as failure to hit in the pinches.

The scheduled opening game with Penn A. C. was rained out after two innings. Old Jupiter Pluvius stopped the second game with Williams also as the rain started just as batting practice finished. Finally the Garnet opened up with St. John's and slammed out a 21-10 victory on the home field. The "Little Quakers" pounded four St. John's pitchers for a total of 19 hits. Left-handed Johnny Albertson started on the mound for Swarthmore but was removed in the third inning and Mace Gowing, veteran right hander, twirled invincible ball for the remainder of the game, allowing but two hits. A 5 run scoring spree in the fourth and 4 tallies in the eighth frame were the home team's big offensive innings. Decidedly the highlight of the contest was the defensive work of the Garnet infield which turned in the first intercollegiate triple play of the season and made a trio of two play killings as well. Peter to Griffen to Tapley was the double play combination, while Turner to Peter to Tapley to Mercer was responsible for the triple play. The Swarthmore outfield of Captain Harlow, Jimmy Clarke, and Fred Levering led the Garnet offensive with three hits apiece. Griffen, Mercer, Gowing and Turner all garnered a brace of singles for the local cause.

Possessing a one game winning streak the locals journeyed into Franklin Field and lost to Penn 14-7 in a free hitting game. Mace Gowing twirled for the Garnet visitors until the fifth when he was relieved by C. D. Smith and Charley Lyon in order. The ultimate winners jumped into an early lead by getting a trio of runs in the first and second innings, but the Garnet came back with four runs in the third and fourth. However, Red and Blue kept up their scoring activities long enough to gain the victory.

After the Pennsylvania game the team journeyed up to Lehigh only to get rained out. Following this the local diamond talent entrained for Army and a blizzard plus a storm of Army hits buried the game and Swarthmore. Dickinson, Gettysburg, and Ursinus in the order named pounded out one-sided victories. Coach Bob Dunn tried half his infield and outfield as pitchers in the Gettysburg game but the "Bullets" slammed each Garnet pitcher with complete and utter impartiality. Meanwhile, Bowers, the Gettysburg hurler, who is now with the "Red Sox", silenced the Garnet bats effectively. The final score was 21 to 1, which was the high or rather the low for the season. After this massacre the Garnet nine travelled up to the wilds of New York state for two contests with Union and Hamilton. Although the hotels were good and the food was excellent the games were rotten. The leg weary Garnet out-

fielders chased flying horsehides all over the picturesque New York landscapes. Heavy Swarthmore scoring splurges in the final innings were of no avail.

Following these disasters Charley Lyon returned to the fold and the team defeated a highly rated Stevens club at Hoboken, N. J. Lyon twirled masterful ball although he eased up in the closing innings of the game. Jerry Turner with three hits starred with the willow as well as Paul Peter with two four-base blows.

The Garnet nine met Haverford in the final game of the home season at Alumni field. Charley Lyon was pitted against the left-handed Stew Beers of Haverford on the mound and both pitchers hurled excellent ball. The main liners scored in the second inning when Griffen fumbled Purvis' grounder with the bases loaded. Haverford picked up two more in the first of the fourth when Captain Tiernan rilled a double down the left field foul line with a pair of teammates on base. The home team made its first tally in the last half of same inning due to a single by Paul Peter and a lusty double to right center by Tapley. The visitors added another in the fifth to take a 4-1 lead. It was then that the fighting "Little Quakers" knotted the count at 4 all with a 5 run scoring splurge. Peter's second hit and Rollo Griffen's terrific triple into deep left were the main offensive blows of the rally. Both hurlers set down the opposing batsmen in one-two-three order in the sixth but in the seventh a timely single by Beers chased Goerster home with what proved to be the winning run. The visitors picked up 5 more in the eighth and one in the ninth off



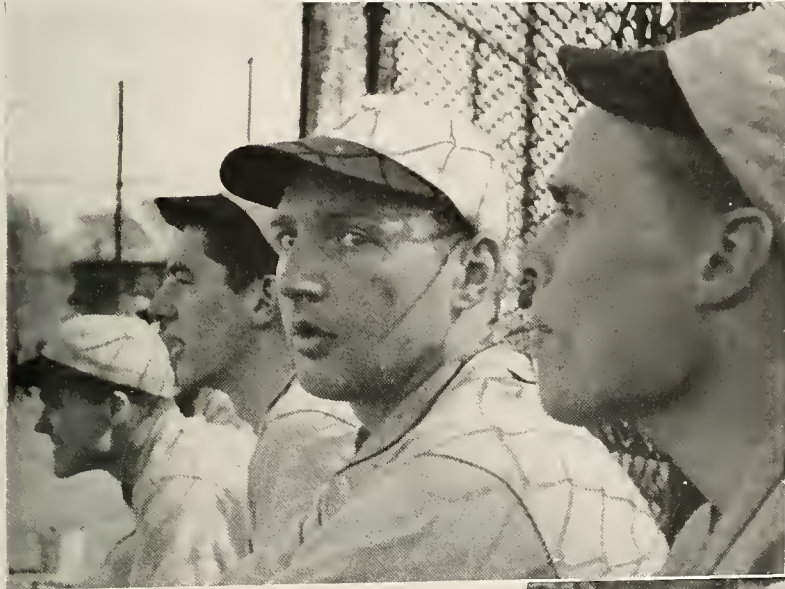


the fast weakening Charley Lyon and the game ended 9-4 in Haverford's favor. Lyon fanned 15 of the Main Line batsmen, retiring Grant Fraser, Haverford clean-up man, five times by the strike-out route. However, 7 walks interspersed with 12 hits led to Swarthmore's undoing.

The final game against Muhlenberg was a nip and tuck affair for five innings until Lyon, not yet recovered from his illness, weakened again and the Mules sprayed Allentown and vicinity with base hits. An efficient

relief job on the mound by C. D. Smith went for naught as the Garnet was snowed under by 15-5.

Captain-elect Paul Peter and Charley Griffen formed a highly efficient keystone combination and led the team with batting marks of .581 and .517, respectively. Three double plays and a triple play in one game is eloquent testimony to their defensive efficiency. The only flaw in the otherwise perfect set up was getting Rollo to show up for the games and getting Peter away from the dining table at hotels. Captain Herb Harlow played a highly capable defensive game in center field



and denied all statements to the effect that all left-handed batters are crazy. Bill Mercer, the other senior on the team, did all the catching and handled as many as five Garnet pitchers in one afternoon. Jimmy Clarke and Jerry Turner, sophomore members of the club, held up their end in batting and fielding and showed great speed in getting to the dining room for meals. Fred Levering and Gordon Tapley roomed together, alternated in left field and first base with each other and wound up the season in a blaze of glory by trying to pitch against Gettysburg. Except for the

latter experience their work was commendable. Bill Harrison and Ray Schroeder were others who broke into the lineup frequently. Last and not least was that group of unsung heroes, the Garnet pitching staff, composed of Lyon, Albertson, Gowing, Smith, and Spruance. Albertson and Gowing retired after the first game and left the trio of Lyon, Spruance, and Smith to carry on. "Ted" Lyon twirled efficiently in his few appearances and his 15 strike-out victories in the Haverford game augurs well for his success this coming season.



HADLEY



TURNER



HOOD

Tennis

CAPTAINED by Paul Hadley, the varsity tennis team completed the most successful season in five years last spring, achieving nine victories, and losing only to the powerful Army team. The stars of the season were Hadley, who won nine of his ten starts, and William Hood, who had a perfect eight out of eight. In the doubles combinations, Whyte and Albertson played excellent tennis throughout, being victorious in eight out of ten games.

The team started the season with bright prospects, since the 1934 team returned in whole, four days after schedule, on April 17, against the University of Pennsylvania. The singles line-up, which continued practically unchanged during the remainder of the season, consisted of Captain Hadley, Albertson, Whyte, Hutson, Turner and Hood. A tense moment was reached when the contest, still undecided, came to the last of the three doubles matches. The brilliant rally of Macy and Turner, however, succeeded in defeating the Penn combination of Alter and Cohen 4-6, 6-2, 6-2, giving the contest to Swarthmore with the final score of 5-4.

The next engagement was played at home on April 19, with Muhlenberg. In spite of long drawn-out competition in the singles between Hadley and his opponent, they were all won by Swarthmore, and only in the later doubles contest, which found Hadley and Hutson exhausted, did Muhlenberg's two able players,

Herzenberg and Koch, succeed in winning a match. The two other doubles were won by Albertson and Whyte and by Macy and Turner, leaving the final score 8-1 in favor of the Garnet.

On April 23, we met Rutgers, and defeated them by the score of 5-4. By disposing of Williams' persistent returns, Captain Hadley led the victory, but the following matches were hard fought. Albertson and Whyte were both defeated, and Hutson was triumphant only after a long struggle with Hauch. In the doubles, only Albertson and Whyte succeeded in overcoming the competent combinations of Rutgers.

The only defeat of the season was encountered when, on April 27, Swarthmore was inundated with the usual flow of Cadets, and bowed to them on the court to the count of 5-6. Hadley, Albertson and Hood all won, tying the singles three to three, but in the doubles, all three of the matches were surrendered to Army. All six of the West Point victories, however, were accomplished only after long struggles.

Our winning streak was resumed again on May 1, when we overcame Lehigh. In a gruelling, five-hour fight with every point strongly contested, Hutson and his opponent Hoppock offered the sensation of the day by playing 60 games before the deciding one of the set was garnered by the Lehigh man. Four of the singles matches and one of the doubles gave Swarthmore the hard-earned victory, with the score of 5-4.



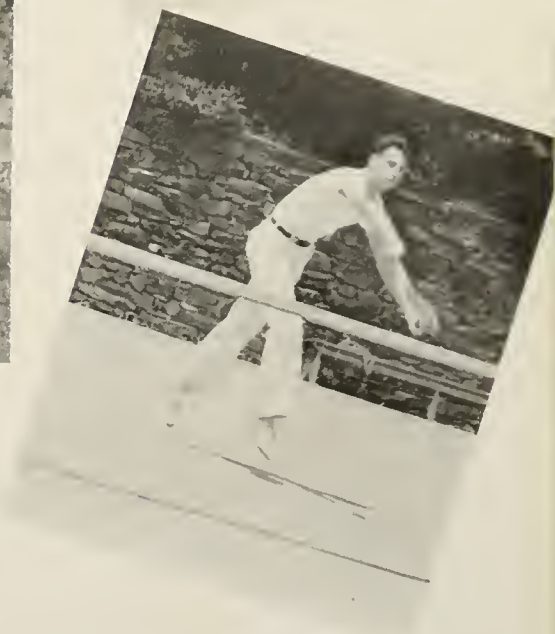
ALBERTSON



MACY



DIXON



HUTSON
WHYTE

At Hamilton, N. Y., with Union College, Hadley commenced with his usual victory, this time against Stroebl, and Albertson, Whyte, Hutson and Macy won in rapid succession.

The final meet of the season was against our traditional enemy, Haverford, which lost the fourteenth of its fifteen tennis matches with us by the score of 8-1. Hadley won his ninth and last singles match of the season, and Albertson, Whyte, Hutson, Turner and Hood were similarly successful. In the doubles, the Garnet lost its only point to the Red and Black. Nernhard and Weightman defeated Hadley and Turner 2-6, 6-2, 6-4.

SWARTHMORE—5
PENN—4
SWARTHMORE—8
MUHLENBERG—1
SWARTHMORE—9
LAFAYETTE—0
SWARTHMORE—5
RUTGERS—4
SWARTHMORE—9
DICKINSON—0

SWARTHMORE—5
ARMY—6
SWARTHMORE—5
LEHIGH—4
SWARTHMORE—6
HAMILTON—5
SWARTHMORE—7
UNION—2
SWARTHMORE—8
HAVERFORD—1



MURPHY

BURT

FINLEY

HICKS

BRADEN

WICKENHAUER

HERBSTER

SNYDER

Golf

The Record:

Swarthmore.....	7	Osteopathy	2
Swarthmore.....	2½	Haverford	6½
Swarthmore.....	5	Delaware	1
Swarthmore.....	9	West Chester	0
Swarthmore.....	7	Lafayette	2
Swarthmore.....	5	Army	6
Swarthmore.....	1½	Haverford	7½
Swarthmore.....	0	Navy	9
Swarthmore.....	5	Lehigh	4
Swarthmore.....	5	St. Joseph's	1

“OLD MAN’S GAME?” You can tell by just looking at the picture of the team that such an opprobrious term is unfair. Look at the tenseness, the exciting atmosphere, the muscular exertion. Golf is so exacting that Sid Wickenhaver, third from the right, has to give up dancing in Collection during the golf season. “Old man’s game?” Why golf is the only sport that doesn’t eat at training tables; the members are too strong for such stuff. (Wait a minute! Maybe the team should eat at training tables. It would look more strenuous.) “Old man’s game?” Did you know that eight out of ten matches were played in rain, sleet, snow, or a roaring gale? What fun is golf without balmy sunshine?

“Old man’s game?” Maybe so. But the team won six out of ten matches. Perhaps Swarthmore should have more “Old men’s games.” Among the six matches won were Lafayette, Delaware, Lehigh, and St. Joseph’s. (We’ll skip West Chester. They lost to us 9-0.) Delaware’s defeat was their first in sixteen matches. The four lost were to the Army, the Navy, and Haverford. The Army and Navy, being great militarists, are just too much for poor Swarthmore pacifists. Then too, the Army and Navy teams do eat at training tables. The Haverford matches, unfortunately, were bad mistakes. The golf team doesn’t like to think about them.

The season was topped off by a brilliant mixed foursome with the women’s team (of Swarthmore, where did you think?) This, of course, lowers the prestige of the golf team. Or does it; Greek Gods? Such a successful season pleased all concerned. Whether or not golf becomes a major sport as the team feels it should after such a season, the “six old men” will be out there doddering around for dear old Swarthmore.



Women's Athletic Association

FEW are the wise ones who know that every time they send frantic messages home for funds to meet menacing registration fees they're paying for membership in the Women's Athletic Association. Every girl in college enjoys this tremendous privilege but seldom realizes it. In spite of the its invisibility the W. A. A. does lots of the things that are expected but merely accepted. It's the W. A. A. that besweaters the varsity star's wardrobe, rivals the juniors' grandeur with manager's and junior sportsmanship blazers, adorns the archers with flighty feathers for their accomplishments, has a winter party with great attractions including "Pop-Eye" and "Our Gang" movies, eats, and Miss Rath's statistics, has a spring picnic with baseball and FOOD, and gives S's and SC's to the deserving class-team competitors.

The W. A. A. council is the nut that holds the machine together. Each council selects its own suc-

cessors but the officers are elected by the whole proletariat. Each member of the council is afflicted with some particular job and thus the tennis and golf tournaments, the interclass basketball and hockey games, and the interclass swimming meet have their future arranged. This year the A. A. broke out of the prosaic ranks of traditional things and burst into feats of the unusual realm. Witness the illustrious sleds that carried so many Swarthmorons so-o-o-o-o far. The station wagon widened the horizon, particularly of the basketball team by thrilling them twice per week with a ride to the surpassing wonder of the Prep School gym and elevated their intellects with a huge journey westward including marvelous sights of small and colder rooms, water with larger deposits of rust than gush from swatsmere pipes and initiated them to the unique art of tearing the b.f.'s name from a piano concert program.



WHITCRAFT, PASSMORE

Girls' Hockey



HARVEY

THE Swarthmore Women's Hockey team, under the leadership of Captain Jean Harvey, opened its most successful season since 1955 with the prospect of the new freshman material adequately filling the gaps made by the loss of last year's players.

The team got its only defeat of the season over with in a hurry in the match with the All-American stars of the Merion Cricket Club who scalped us on our home territory 5-2. The Garnet hockeyites took out their revenge on the Ursinus eleven to the tune of 1-0. The goal was made by Leeper. Another victory for us followed in the Rosemont contest which we won 4-0. This game took place at Merion Cricket Club and was a demonstration for the Southeast Umpiring Conference.

Back home again, the Garnet eleven sewed up an easy 8-1 score against the Swarthmore Club and in this



JACKSON



NIMS, STUBBS

match established a new high in attack games. The next two contests with Beaver and the Saturday Morning Whites ended in ties. Swarthmore, although they had no drive, had the edge on the latter team which had been undefeated for three years.

The big game with Bryn Mawr, which is always looked forward to with great excitement, ended in a victory for us by one goal. Our team game came back (in the new station wagon) with the glory of having held our rivals scoreless for the first time since 1920. The Little Quakers then subdued Penn 2-1 at home to complete their fifth victory of the year.

To Coach May Parry, Bobby Tilton, '56, Manager, and Fran Dering, '57, Assistant Manager, go a great deal of credit for the successful season.



WARREN



LAPHAM



WOLLCOTT

PARRY



The rest of the glory may rightfully be claimed by the varsity line. Captain-elect Jackson, '57, left wing, was high scorer, Lappy, the right wing, advanced from the squad to a regular berth on the forward line, and Captain Harvey and Whiteraft shared the honors of right halfback. Harvey and Patterson, right fullback, were the only two senior letterwomen on the team. Leeper, right inner, Passmore, speedy center halfback, and Wollcott, the goalie who ably filled the shoes left empty by last year's captain, claimed the honor of being the freshman stars. Newkirk completed her second season as left wing on the varsity lineup, while Warrie, a transfer from Earlham and a sturdy defense player, held down her fullback position. Stubby claims the glory of scoring the only goal against Bryn Mawr on a pass from Dana, the peppy center forward, who was on the squad last year and earned her position on the varsity forward line by her flashy playing. Mimsy at left half finished her second season of tricky stickwork. The work of the squad is not forgotten in helping to complete a season in which only seven goals were scored against the Swarthmoriens. The Assistant Manager-elect is Sally Deardorff, '58.

The season:

Swarthmore.....	2	Merion Cricket Club	5
Swarthmore.....	1	Ursinus	0
Swarthmore.....	4	Rosemont	0
Swarthmore.....	8	Swarthmore Club	1
Swarthmore.....	1	Bryn Mawr	0
Swarthmore.....	2	Penn	1

PATTERSON





WOOD



LAPHAM



B A S K E T

PROPHESIES for the 1936 basketball team were dark and doubtful last year as only one forward was passed on from the previous team, but the class of '39 "reared its ugly head" with a number of promising basketeters. In an amazingly short time the new team, Captain Wood, '37, Leeper, '39, Whitcraft, '37, Jackson, '37, Lapham, '38, and Dana, '38, evolved stronger than ever, with neat passing and fine team work. In this season Wood netted nearly 200 per cent more baskets for the Garnet than last. The total points in the previous season had been 144 for Swarthmore against 164 for their opponents, while in this season they came out with a high score of 552 points and their opponents dropped to 151.

In the first game Carolyn Wood with sister Peggy, '39, received some fast passes from Dana and Lapham, trouncing the honored, although weak, Alumnae 47-6. The first away game at Beaver finished up the first half with a 15-10 lead for us, but in spite of Leeper's startling long shots, the Beaver girls crept up until in the last few minutes they passed us 19-25. It was a hard fought game and prepared us for a 54-21 victory over Penn. Kate Hood, ex '37 and a Garnet letter-woman, played on the Penn team.



DANA



WHITCRAFT

T B A L L

Although not able to revenge past defeats, Swarthmore gave Rosemont real competition and held the famous Bonniwell and Wenger team, a winning combination for four years, 22-29. We let down somewhat for the Ursinus game and were beaten with a 19-25 score. Penn Hall was the victim of our revival, and was walloped to the tune of 46-8. Besides good passing and shooting, Swarthmore netted a number of fouls. A second game was arranged with Penn, and on March 14 we ended the season with a heartening victory of 45-25. Good floor work kept the Penn girls down to one field goal for the first half and rolled up the Swarthmore score.

Most of the games were played with the new two-section rules, some having a half of both two- and three-section division. This was something relatively new to the girls, but it did not turn out to be a severe handicap. How now for next year? The Garnet is left with a complete varsity and a team that has played together for a whole year. Whitcraft is Captain-elect of a sextet that is out for bigger and better victories. Manager Krider, '56, has given place to Cupitt, '57, with Miller, '58, assisting. Coach Parry has a team on her hands that is ready to go and ready to work together!





WATSON

Girls' Swimming

A GOOD racing start and a spectacular finish win for the 1955-56 swimming team earned the approval of Coach Rath and Captain Keyes. The team this year is larger than in the past and contains more all around good swimmers. The Freshman class donated many of these who have helped compensate for the loss of two of last year's valuable members, Lydia Highley and Georgia Heathcote.

The first two meets of the season were victories for Swarthmore. We won from Temple 51-27 and from Syracuse in the Telegraphic Meet 29-28. Last year Swarthmore placed first in the Eastern division of this meet. Irvine, '58, of the present team, was first in the 100-yard free style, second in the 40-yard free style, and third in the breast stroke. Keyes, '36, was first in the back stroke and Janet Smith, '55, was third in the 100-yard breast stroke. In this meet we were thought to have tied with Slippery Rock College for first, but upon re-calculation were awarded first. We dropped from first in the Eastern division in '55 to third place this year. Two more interesting meets were those with Penn Hall, the score of which was 41-25, favor of Penn Hall; and one with New York University with a score of 55-22 in favor of N. Y. U. These meets were the



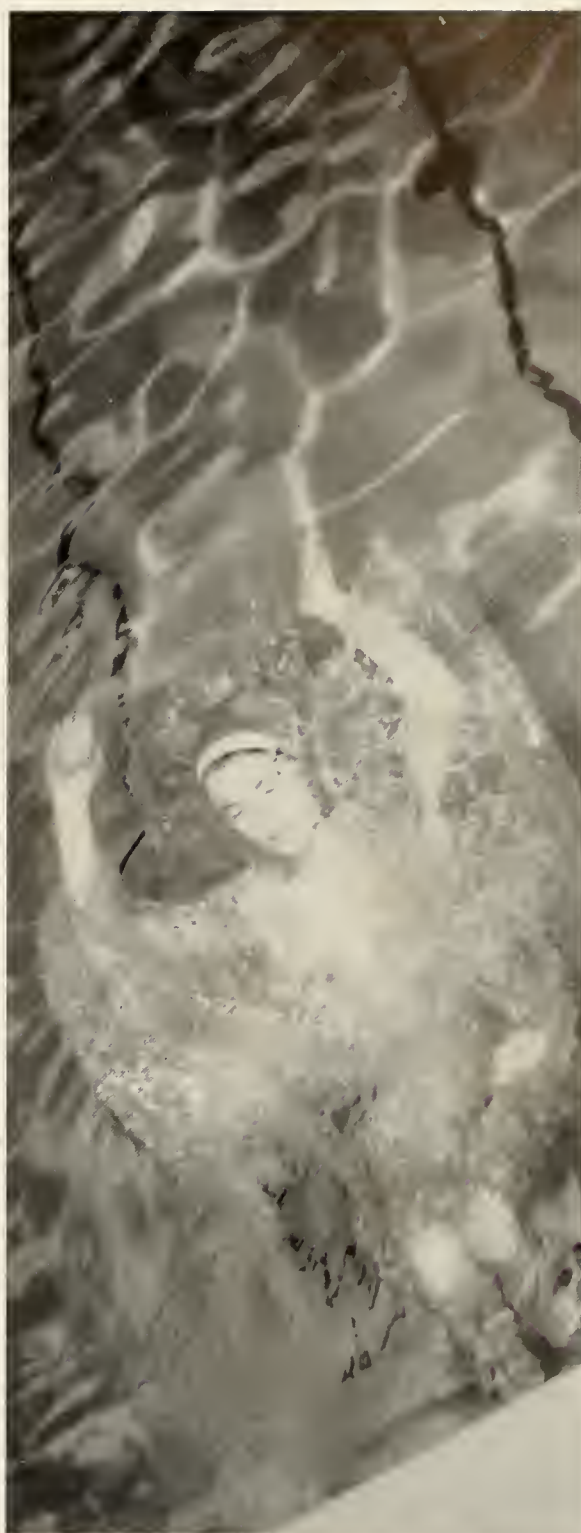
toughest of the year. Penn Hall has an unbroken record for the past ten years and N. Y. U. has two national champions on its team, Lifson and Hanf. Such a successful season was brought to a humorous close by the Inter-Class swimming meet in which the Frosh capped first with a score of 45 and the Sophomore second, with 59.

Among the outstanding additions to the team this year are Eva Ladenberg, Sally McClelland, Betty Michael, Charlotte Dean, Alice Rickey, and Rachael Martinet, all of the class of '59. Ladenberg is one of the fastest breast stokers on the team and ably filled the place formerly held by Janet Smith. Martinet also claims recognition in that field. McClelland is one of the fastest back stokers and Rickey joins the ranks of divers. Debby Wing, '58, who did pinch hitting for the team last year has become a member of the squad. Another new member, Jean Bredin, '56, is the fastest short distance free-styler. Irvine, Watson, Jacobs, Keyes, and Lupton are still the backbone of the team and with the aid of Marion Snyder, '58, have maintained last year's high standards.

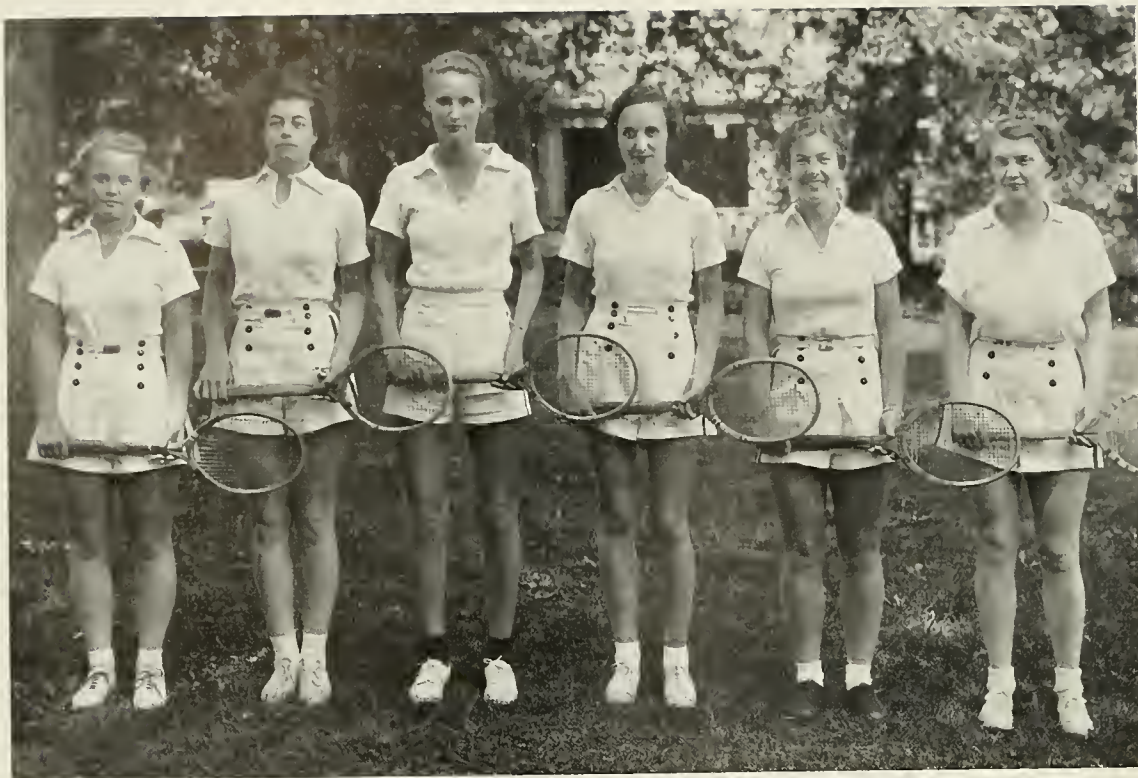
The Season:

Swarthmore.....	51	Temple	27
Swarthmore.....	29	Syracuse	28
Swarthmore.....	25	Penn Hall	41
Swarthmore.....	22	N. Y. U.	55

THE GIRLS



KEYES



STUBBS, LAPHAM, SONNEBORN, JACKSON, DANA, HARVEY

Girls' Tennis

FOUR returning varsity women formed a nucleus for Coach May Parry's 1935 tennis team, and, with the addition of five freshman flashes to the squad, the team did well to uphold the supremacy of Swarthmore co-eds on the courts. Led by Captain Doss Sonneborn, the players opened the season April 29th with a match against Ursinus on our own courts, and smashed through with a 5-0 victory. Ann Lapham, Barbs Brooks, and Captain Doss all won their singles matches easily, and the doubles, composed of Jean Harvey with Elizabeth Stubbs and Betty Jackson with Bunny Dana, scarcely gave their opponents a chance to score.

The next contest was also a 5-0 victory, over Drexel this time, on May 3. The team played singles and doubles in the same deadly combination that was used against Ursinus. May 10th brought a vigorous day with two games scheduled on the home course . . . Beaver and Rosemont. Beaver proved stiff opposition, so Brooks and Lapham doubled up to use their skill in both singles and doubles. In spite of their rigorous activity in the morning, the Swarthmore net-women pulled a victory against Rosemont in the afternoon, using some reserve material in the doubles: Evans with Lewis and Tompkins with Dana. The usual doubles players — Harvey, Jackson, and Stubbs — showed what they could do in singles.

William and Mary's delegation on May 15th was easily turned out, the Swarthmore co-eds putting every individual match in the bag as they had done all season.

The grand finale, as usual, was the match with Bryn Mawr, who succeeded in chalking up the only black mark of the season. Barbs Brooks won the only match of the contest in singles. Hopes are high that we shall beat our traditional rivals next year, for most of the varsity players will be back under the captaincy of Jean Harvey. Lydia Highly passed her manager-ship on to Floss Lyons, who will have to hustle to keep her athletes—who are also social lights—in the pink.

The Season:

Swarthmore.....	5	Ursinus	0
Swarthmore.....	5	Drexel	0
Swarthmore.....	1	Bryn Mawr	4
Swarthmore.....	4	Rosemont	0
Swarthmore.....	5	W. & M.	0



SONNEBORN

Archery



BECAUSE of the recent increased interest in golf — the enlarged enrollment figures look like vital statistics from a guinea pig farm — the Women's Athletic council has decided to take golf seriously and admit it to the status of a major sport.

Plans for this season are still indefinite. Matches have been arranged with the first teams from Cedarbrook Country Club, Springfield Country Club, and Rolling Green, and there will probably be a match with St. Joseph's College. A mixed foursome consisting of the men's and women's varsity teams will be scheduled as a regular match. This will be played in much the same way as last year's tournament, which was won by Willis Stetson and Emma Michael, with a score of 76.

The team might well be termed the "secret seven", for the identity of its members is still considerable of a mystery. Barbara Weiss and Margaret Bill are Coach Reynolds' stand-bys from last year's classes, and are expected to win berths on the team. Who the other members are depends among other things, on the way the freshmen live up to some very encouraging rumors about their prowess on the golf course.



Women's Golf





T H E
P A S S I N G
S H O W



Junior Picnic



Snow Scene



Soccer Trip



College Life As Read About in Books



Freshman Week



The Boys



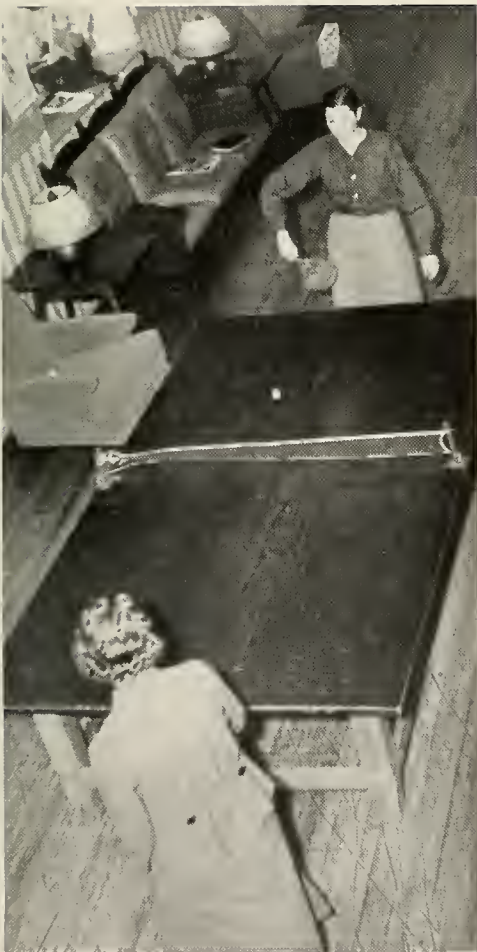
Brierly Ball



Miss Brierly's Stronghold



Featuring the Phi Psi Sweetheart



Collection



the press board can rarely be seen in action but here it is in a typical busy moment with perloff and seybold officiating—fritzie, alias goober, hitler and other aliases not fit to print is convalescing from a set to with the political science department. as champion of dictators he has probably insulted that eminent champion of democracy with the obvious dire results—nobody can forget kline and pelton in the hamburg show who limped along with their act until the kangaroo appeared making it a success—and here is our aquatic star philosophizing about life. we hope he has taken off weight since then—on the next row we find three sleeping beauties. messrs. janes and brown we recognize but the little man in the middle has his mouth open so wide that we can't see the rest of his face. introducing the elder bays who is frequently seen around parrish—yes, you are correct, it's the interfrat baseball champs of 1955. the picture suggests a beauty contest and along that line we hail sonnenschein as winner. folks, look at that face—he must have just swallowed a hornet. and down at the very bottom is mrs. pfann, our choice for all american rooter.



A God Takes a Spill



The Two Goalies



Half of the Immortals



Captain Harvey Greets Chief God Peter

Staff Favorites



BOSS



NEWKIRK



DENNIS



BROSIUS



DR. COGSHALL



Mortal Wollcott Saves a Goal



The Gods' Better Half



Happy Birthday, Clarkie!



That Famous Rat of May 1955

Leather Puss Lyon



Ape Man Cooper



Price — Avery's Consolation



Miss Midge Bays on her way in a silk shirt and flannel skirt, from the Bonwit Teller Fifth Floor Sports Shop, 22.95

Bill Smith, one of the best dressed men on the campus, is pictured in a leisure moment in a suit from Jacob Reed's Sons, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia



Miss Eurette Davis golfs in a pure silk culotte, from the Bonwit Teller Fifth Floor Sports Shop, 22.95

Put just a small amount of your money
On soccer coach Dunnv.

Old St. Nick
And his prep school clique.

Imagine datin'
Dr. Creighton.

Monsieur Brun
Some lun.

No knocks
For Dr. Cox (we just can't think of any).

We're still wishin'
For a dietitian.

The team does not hearken
To Coach Pard Larkin.

We haven't seen Hayes
For daze and daze.

Sometimes Loucks
Is quiet as a moucks.

When you've got a sore joint
Nobody's as tuff
As Ruff.

Yo
Kovalenko.

There's something about Goddard.
That ought to be soldered.

For Dr. Foster
A pater noster.

Have you ever seen Dr. McLeod
And Beatrice Beach
Side by each?

Our dean
Should be seen

We know a student who once almost sprung
At Young.

Students are wary
Of historian Mary.

What has Scott
That Keighton has not (you guess).

Adolph's business isn't boomin'
With patronage from Mr. Newman.

There are seven girls who say McCrumm
Is not so dumb.

Take a piller
To a class with Spiller.

What a subject Dresden
Mezzed in.

They say that Slocum
Is full of hocum (a very obvious rhyme).

What has Hall
Got on the ball?

Those notes from Shaw
Stick in our craw.

If that delivery of Jenkins
Was more like Mencken's (we wouldn't doze).

Holy John
If it ain't Al Swann.

You've got to be an erler*
To pass under Koehler.
*erler—one who slings the erl.

We've often heard Scudder
Just mutter and mutter.

One can't be blunt
About Everett Hunt.

The London School of Economics
One of Fraser's weekly comics.

The cuss words they're coining
Under Dr. Reuning.

Have you ever taken political theory?
J. R. P. makes it very eerie.

That moustache is a sight
Winthrop Wright.

If his assignments were any longer Troyer
Would need a lawyer.

Bill Livingston was snapped on the library steps wearing a new double breasted Prince of Wales model suit in bankers' gray with a wide pencil stripe. It comes from Frank and Seder, 11th & Market Sts., Philadelphia



Kay White is all ready for a spring formal in a black net, white applique' dinner frock from Frank and Seder's There is also a Frank and Seder store at 69th and Market Streets

EUROPA—*The Modern Theatre*



Where Swarthmore students go to see the finest products, American and foreign, of the cinematic art. The Europa is the only theatre in the Philadelphia area that specializes in artistic and distinctive films.

16th and Market Streets

Philadelphia



The Gown Shop, Park Avenue,
Swarthmore, presenting Miss
Barbara Brooks wearing one of
the latest white silk linen
dresses with navy ascot and
belt.

Sometimes Goop
Gets in an awful droop.

Miss Baer and Clair
Would make a wonderful pair.

Give the boot
To professor Hoot.

We never heard Torrey
Tell a naughty story (?)

From all reports the D. U. men
Don't get along with Clara N.

Few are the undergrads who ever saw Freddy J.
At bay.

We mull and mull
Over Isaac Hull.

We deny vehemently that John Himes Pitman,
looks as silly
As Lilly.

If everyone's failin'
Just blame it on Malin.

R. C. Brooks
Should write fewer books.

Why did they hire
Adolph Maier?

Call the dispatcher
For Chollie Thatcher.

Blame Shero
If the organ won't go.

We suggest for Enders
A couple of benders.

Overseas
Is the place for Klees.

There's hope some day
For Bourdelais.

We could all learn tricks
From Philip Hicks.

Was that a lady chasin'
Nason?

In the jerg*
With Schoenberg.
*dueto the influence of such words as nertz, berl, Koehler, etc.

We know a professor emeritus
Who would swear at us (if we kept this up).

There is a young lady named Walker,
Who is a vociferous talker.
But she better keep mum
About Johnny McCrumm
Or rumor will do more than stalk her.

There was a young man from Boulder
Who found that his love had grown colder
When she asked him the reason
He cried, "Why that's treason—
Those strange teeth marks there on your shoulder."

Girls who get back late from dances
And those who fail to repulse advances
Beware the vindictiveness of Frances.

We find it very hard to draw
An accurate picture of Mrs. Slaugh
(Consider our position. Haw Haw Haw.)

Solipsists are scared to tinker
With the inner workings of Brand the thinker.

Any morning if you choose
You may hear Mrs. Wright abuse
A muse.

Where did Thom
Cahm frahm?

See you laede
Dr. Gaede.



★

For three generations students have enjoyed smoking John Middleton pipes filled with walnut aromatic blend — another product of John Middleton, Philadelphia tobacconists since 1856, whose products are locally available in a splendid selection at Michael's

College Pharmacy

PHILADELPHIA



**600 ROOMS
WITH BATH
\$2⁵⁰ UP**

Known the world over for its
hospitality . . . location . . . con-
venient to all stations, and
only 10 minutes to the business
section . . . unlimited parking.

HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA

39TH & CHESTNUT STREETS • PHILADELPHIA

ON April 22, 1955, a raving madman called four guileless youths into his musty B section den and much as a cat toys with a mouse purred in his most dulcet tone, "Guess what?"

"What, oh master?" chorused the four.

"Oh you know," he cackled in a hoarse voice and then losing all control screamed, "The HALCYON is yours—take it—do anything you want with it—cut it up into small pieces and feed it to honor examiners—I'm free now—I'm free." Then jumping from his chair he began beating his head against the wall until finally his keepers rushed in and led the ex-editor away to his padded cell.

Thus was the 1957 HALCYON born, and here is the inside story on what happened during the ensuing four weeks. Following are the reasons why all those connected with year books subsequently go mad. Read and weep over the description of how the staff was personally introduced to that sort of competition dealt with in the now defunct section 7a of the NRA. Here is how we signed the photography contract. One Mr. A, photographer, went through the preceding HALCYON with a fine tooth comb pointing out something wrong with each and every picture. Not only could he improve upon the quality, was Mr. A's assertion, but he could underbid anybody else because in some mysterious fashion the price codes of the NRA did not apply to him. We laughed when he first sat down but nausea soon followed. Mr. B, photographer, breezed in on us one evening with a breath that staggered even Mr. Haire and before ten minutes was up he had agreed to grant a lien on his New York studio if we would

How We Awarded Our Contracts

only sign up with him. But it was Mr. C from New York who caught us in a weak moment. He described at length a vast orgy which would be given at his studio in our honor if only we saw the light. Then he showed us pictures of Greta Garbo and Gary Cooper and said, 'Boys, if you sign up with me your pictures will all look like movie stars.' This completely bowled over the editor who had been wondering what could be done with his face so he signed up with Mr. C.

Next is the story of how we signed the printing contract. From the start it was a battle between Mr. P of the city of Brotherly Love and Mr. Q of New York. First we went to see Mr. P and since he had printed the preceding HALCYON we had a million odd defects to make him account for—white spots here—too much ink there. So you can see we had him right where we wanted him and were quite sure that if anybody printed the HALCYON he would not be the one. In fact we were sure he would have to be very humble to even gain our sympathy but, imagine our embarrassment when he greeted us with, "Well, what did you think of the 1956 HALCYON. Wasn't it a superb job of printing?" Then before we could catch our breath at such an outrage he proceeded to point out very minutely how the photographer had fallen down, and this was the reason for the errors that appeared to be his. He then quoted us an extremely low price because we were all such good friends. We left feeling very favorably toward Mr. P. But soon we were under the influence of Mr. Q who had come all the way down from New York to see us. As president of the something-or-other association he would of course be the logical one to print our book and we should trust no other. As for



Trudie Blood, Roo Schloring and John Seybold are just three
of the hundreds of Swarthmore students who stop in every
day at Michael's



MICHAEL'S COLLEGE PHARMACY

Mr. P he was such a snake in the grass that he hadn't even been invited to be a member of the association. When we quoted the especially low price of Mr. P he quoted us one about \$100 lower and didn't even pause to emphasize the bond of friendship between us. Naturally we were all ready to give Mr. Q the contract, but we wanted to see Mr. P once more to console him because he had lost out. Mr. P sniffed once when we recounted the interview with his rival and started out by explaining that he didn't want to be a member of the something-or-other association anyway and it was all just a racket. And when we told him of Mr. Q's very low price he soon explained to us that Mr. Q was quoting us a price for the 6 x 9 inch page while he had given us the correct quote for the 7 x 10 inch page which the HALCYON had used from time immemorial. This he explained would knock Mr. Q's price quotation into a cocked hat. So what could we do when we found out that it was Mr. Q who had been spoofing us all the while!

One Mr. X, engraver, argued that since he had engraved the HALCYON from 1900 until 1910 he saw no reason why he shouldn't have another stab at it. We were very touched by this plea and were thinking of giving him the chance he so justly deserved when Mr. Y dropped in and changed our views. A few choice phrases concerning his dirty competitors convinced us immediately that he was a stout fellow and already half the battle was won. He brought year book after year book out of his suitcase and proved to us that without a doubt there was no other engraving concern like the one he represented. The fact that it was

located in Chicago and that it cost a small fortune to mail a few thousand prints out there was a matter of little importance when you considered the exceptional integrity of the firm. Then he pulled the trump card out and told us that Mr. Z, his arch enemy, was going to move from Swarthmore to big bad New York and if we signed up with him we would never see him again and the HALCYON would never be published. After he left we took a vote and found that we were heartily in favor of Mr. Y because of the lowdown he had given us on Mr. Z. But then the next day an invitation came from Mr. Z to visit him in his apartment that evening. We trooped down there little knowing that once inside the door we would be in the power of a master sorcerer. Mr. Z began his song and dance by hinting that if he didn't get the HALCYON contract he would retire from business because of the overpowering grief, and we all began to feel sorry for him and forget all about the fact that he was moving to New York and we would never see him again. Then when filled with pathos we were next filled with whiskey sours and peach brandy which we were told cost \$4 a quart and looking around at each other we could tell by the wistful expression in everybody else's eye that there was no one like Mr. Z. Sensing the climax Mr. Z unsheathed a galley of contracts and it took only 30 seconds of waving them in the air before Rome fell and scrawled his name on one of them weeping all the while. After following his example the staff kissed Mr. Z good night and staggered back to Wharton.

(P. S.—To Prexy and the Deans—we're only kidding about the whiskey sours and peach brandy.)

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A DEAN

Arose betimes and did ponder upon the immortality of the soul, which gave me a sense of great moral uplift. Then did partake of a frugal repast with distaste for I was thereby returning from the sublime to the material world. Did deposit a hearty kiss on Mabel's brow and strolled leisurely over to the campus, all the while devising ways and means of becoming a more pure man on the morrow—sinner that I am. As I entered the office did fall over the dictaphone which fostered my return to the material world once more. In the morning mail received the usual quota of invitations to speak on divers subjects as indicated by the following—an hour address on "The Eight Aspects of the Soul," before the Swarthmore Women's Club; a short talk on "The Soul and You" to be given before the Eddy-

stone Uplift Society; a little discussion of "The Aristocratic Approach to the Soul" on behalf of the Women's University Club of Philadelphia; a lengthy dissertation on "The Plight of the Undergraduate Soul," to be delivered before mothers of prospective Swarthmore students. I am especially desirous of giving the latter talk because I feel that it will come in response to a most pressing need. Did also receive an invitation to speak on "The Machine Age As I See It," but instinctively I recoil in horror at the thought of such a materialistic matter for discussion. What has become of the modern world's sense of value? And here I must pause to note the usual number of anonymous letters containing veiled threats and received from college students which constantly keeps me aware of the undergraduate misunderstanding of my activities on behalf of the soul.

(Continued on Page 219)



★
Jack Beck, Jane Hamilton, Bill Prentice, and Jan Weaver enjoying tea time at the Chatterbox on Rutgers Avenue, Prentice taking iced tea, of course, just to be different.

★



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ANOTHER year has passed and it becomes the duty of the Feature Editor to provide a section that will separate college pictures from the ads that we have to put in to make the book pay. The copy is supposed to come under the general head of "amusing" and usually includes a roughly chronological listing of the various humorous incidents that take place, and something about how the freshman class has grown up from their fresh naivette into the almost-sophomore stage (HALCYON 1955, 1956, et al). This is just one of the things that drives the Junior Editors wild. One of the others is the write-ups that come in from the sophomore candidates—write-ups that were assigned as "brief characterizations" (an idea that didn't communicate) and that turned out to be mostly misguided eulogies. A few of the better rejections are added below, with the names omitted, and to any HALCYON reader who can interpret them all correctly a prize will be given if the answers are turned in by April 51.

Most of L—'s idiosyncrasies can be explained by noticing that he is a New Englander. Therein is the answer to his prominence as one of the few sedate members of "B" section. Therein is the answer to his dry, yet keen humor, always present though sometimes

subtle. Therein is the answer to his passion for complete order in everything, a valuable asset in managing the band and orchestra and in being photographic editor of the HALCYON. His other passion is for collecting everything from cigar coupons to old razor blades; which includes collecting facts in philosophy and English honors. But don't think L— is as much a cold, hard-hearted, rock-bound Easterner as he looks. He possesses one enviable ability; he can take women or leave 'em.

G—'s one of the most playful and peppy Yankees that ever came down the line. Starring in plays and orating in college debates provide an outlet for some of his bubbling enthusiasm. If we didn't know that he is an Honors student in History, we might be forced to believe, after observing the skillful way he manipulates his lower extremities in Tuesday Night Collection and in booting a soccer ball, that the lower parts of his anatomy are more valuable than the top. There's an old saying that wise men learn through the experiences of others and fools through their own. George doesn't seem to fall under either of these classifications, for neither the examples of others nor his own numerous unhappy romances deter him from some new adventure in love.

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D— hails from the Middle-West, from Olivet, Michigan, population 566, where the Olivet Optic is published weekly. He takes pride in his paper, just as he takes pride in everything Middle-Western. D— was born a hundred years too late. He should have been a frontiersman. It is this interest that accounts for his taking honors work in history and English. This pioneer spirit runs through his whole being. It accounts for his quietness, his altruism, his constant activity, and his reticence, especially with the fair sex. But those who know D— know that behind that quietness and reticence is a veritable dynamo writing plays, essays and poetry, which are shoved away unpublished, and building up passions never expressed.

No matter when you go in the library you see F— there. Is it because he studies too much? Not exactly. He claims the atmosphere on his floor in Wharton is not conducive to study for an honors student in Economics. Every one else on the floor is either an engineer or a chemistry major. They frown on social scientists and are inclined to belittle such subjects. But F— has succeeded in asserting himself in other ways more acceptable to his associates: in the Fall there's soccer, in the Spring, he's Assistant Manager of Baseball, and all year around he's a member of Kwink.

(This thing doesn't have a very hot ending. Do you like this: Freddie's new girl means that he's gone social

while the engineers remain scientists. It's supposed to be an obscure pun. I guess it's obscure because Freddie is obscure. I don't know. In fact I'd rather not think about it.)

Where one starts to edit and where to rewrite on something like this is a puzzle to the editors, and when these four are multiplied by forty our hair comes out in handfuls. When you've read a dozen of these things you can predict the rest of them. Third West provided the most repetitious write-ups, fifteen girls being individually designated as members of the "gang": "Westers" "Outfit" or "Chorus", and, on analysis, we find four "babes", one member of "the faculty of the hall", one "prexy", one "spirit", one "white hope" and one "flash". After a few of these you can see why the HALCYON staff is always running around with wild staring eyes and asking Perkins why in — he doesn't get some organization in the—thing.

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LOCAL GIRL MAKES GOOD

It all started when the Press Board was low on news (just think, I might have said Pressed for news and Board with inactivity) and decided to interview Bea on her new Speech classes. A long story was sent to the Philadelphia papers on the technique, theory, and results of her work, with a single line added in which Bea so far committed herself as to intimate that the Philadelphia accent was perhaps not the language of the Gods. The story went in at an hour when good city editors are asleep and office boys have their feet on the mangerial desks, and immediately the scoop broke with headlines, front-page boxes, and editorials, even making the radio news broadcast. At first it seemed to be a triumph for our Press Board, until one realized that the first two pages of the story had been cut, and only one line retained—that unfortunate criticism of Philadelphia pronunciation. Bea's mail box the next morning had all fan-mail typical of a movie star, including offers of one sort or another—to speak over the radio, to give lessons, etc., and various heated opinions pro and con. The furor kept up for a day or so, while our network of communication flashed the news all over the country, and then it subsided from natural inertia. There are still occasional uprisings of the excitement, but it is with a much chastened and subdued voice (though still with a New England accent) that Bea makes her cautious statement in explanation: "I was misquoted."

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PITT HALL

When the men came back to college in the fall they found their old room choices all discarded, and Mr. Pitt beaming like a kid with a new toy, and Pitt Hall—was an institution. It went along fine with everyone settling into their new rooms (with two closets) until Bradbury wrote that darn editorial for his rag, saying that with the isolation of the (better) upper-class minds a “sort of intellectual sterility would inevitably result.” It probably was because Billie couldn’t get a brain-child for his next seminar paper, but it started a wave of introspection in the proverbial other side of the tracks that had to be worked off with good healthy exercise. A table party was organized, but that was found not to come under the above-mentioned head, and the North dorm, headed by Justice Bigelow (of Mr. Pennock’s famed Supreme Court timber) challenged the South dorm to a snow-ball fight, at five o’clock one Sunday. To avert the holocaust, Mrs. Pitt announced a tea to be held at four-thirty on the same day, and the few un-

social residents were forced to play touch-football instead.

Not to be out-done, the South Dorm challenged the North to a ping-pong match on the new table that Mr. Pittinger supplied, and, of course, although, in their sportsmanlike manner, they made the match seem close by winning 4-5. The boys are still smarting under their defeat, and are trying, unsuccessfully, to think up an answer.

As yet no name has been found for the new dormitories, and the telephone operator will connect them in response to a variety of names. The architect’s drawing labelled them “The Tower” and “The Gables”, but that wasn’t virile enough for Swarthmore, and it was discarded. It was suggested that it be called Pitt Hollow, but that, too, was discarded, for fear a stranger would happen into Sinclair’s room in the middle of the morning or afternoon and mistake it for Sleepy Hollow. The best telephone connections are obtained by calling North or South dorm, but the residents, in dignified simplicity, stick by “The Prep School.”

POLICE RAID WHARTON—

FAMOUS LIQUOR RAID RECALLED

One of Wee Willie's laments over the founding of the upper-class dormitory was that the moral sense in Wharton was going to pot without the guiding influence of the juniors and seniors. (Remember the A section bar last year?) Sure enough, early in the spring, a determined little group in uniforms and civilian clothes could be seen hurrying across the quad from section to section and searching each room. Chief Rogeri led, in his blue coat and brass buttons and official air, and Kalkstein followed, no less authoritative in his presidential position, while Skipper Maier brought up the rear with his Hitler mustache wiggling with excitement. The results of the search—it was for stolen signs—was exactly nil—Skipper had turned out to be a reversed stool pigeon and warned the Whartonites of the approaching inspection.

COMMUNIST PRACTICES

We all heard the story about Cantine's communism when he and his roommate used to put their allowances together freshman year and spend the aggregate together, the only catch being that Holly got twice as much a week as his roommate. This year he carries his sharing principles to their logical conclusions and extended them beyond the realm of the quick, making the skeleton in the Zoology building share his sleeping quarters with him. He carefully carried his bedding—sheets, pillow, blankets and all—over to make a comfortable bed, and spent a comfortable night there in the interest of science. Unfortunately nothing happened to make a climax to the story—no unexpected prowlers or cats knocking a bottle over, or anything to frighten our red menace. The only climax to it that ever got around was the night watchman's remark when he reported the story. All he could think of to say in explanation—(remember he hadn't seen the checkered shirts and colored braces)—was "that guy must be nuts."



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About 10 A. M. was obliged to go through the usual ordeal of interviewing. The first chap, however, was a very clean cut and straightforward young man with a definite purpose in life, having leanings toward the very things I too am interested in, such as Milton, Shakespeare, Keats, Shelley, but when he mentioned perusing at length the works of Dr. Fosdick and Bertrand Russell I was duly convinced that he was the true Swarthmore type. Indeed so impressed was I with this observation that I believe I shall note down his description for future reference to the ideal type of Swarthmore man. I should judge his height to be 5

feet 5 inches—about 115 pounds in weight and I particularly was fired with admiration at the way his hands constantly trembled and his neck twitched with intellectual fervor as he described to me his wanderings in the field of poetry, art and religion. I shall do all in my power to obtain for this young man as much pecuniary assistance as possible if he will consider coming here.

My next interview, alas and alack, was one of those unpleasant affairs which do seem to crowd out the beautiful things in life like weeds choking the very existence of a beautiful flower. A most crude looking





CLASS OF 1937

individual, broad of shoulder and with muscles bulging under an ill-fitting coat, looking suspiciously like—do I dare say it?—yes, I will face the fact—looking suspiciously like a football player, was shown into my office. And there ensued one of those pitiful interviews which makes my heart bleed for the ignorance of the high school athlete of today. Indeed I may find it helpful for a future discussion on “Athletics Is Crushing the Soul of Today” to note down the details of this interview as a representative case. I first interrogated this boorish individual concerning his reaction on what

Swarthmore College needs most, and when he replied, “A better football team,” my suspicions were indeed confirmed. Indeed my ire was completely aroused and during the next ten minutes I did completely confound him with questions about the various fields and walks of life which he doubtless had never pondered over. At such a loss was he put by my intellectual bombardment that I felt a pressing need to set him aright on the ultimate values of life which I did during the next five minutes. Indeed I could actually feel the strengthening of my own moral fibre. There was little need for him to



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talk, for I knew he would bring the discussion back to the material things of life, so I closed this most distressing interview with the suggestion that he might find greener pastures elsewhere. My only hope is that I have put him on the right track in his battle with Life.

I was quite exhausted and did decide to eat lunch, though it was barely noon tide. Was much distressed at seeing so many couples in such close proximity as I wended my way down the hall. Must remember to call in some of the worst offenders and set them aright as to their attitude on co-education. Nevertheless ate a hearty meal though suffering from inward misgivings concerning modern life in general.

My work of the afternoon which left me utterly exhausted but which I believe is rapidly achieving its

purpose consisted in changing the wrong attitude of many college students. Read over the proofs of my forthcoming book, "The Letters of a Dean to His Boys." Was next faced with the painful necessity of speaking to a young gentleman who has repeatedly been seen in the vicinity of Chester although I am sure it was only the movies which called him over to that den of iniquity (or am I?). He was made to feel that he was besmirching the fair name of Swarthmore and my old slogan, "A milk shake in Swarthmore is better than a beer in Chester" brought the tears to his eyes. Obviously he has been shown the true values in life just in the nick of time. A second and most distressing case is the young freshman who spends so much valuable



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time in the cloisters after dusk. Although he insisted he studies there by flashlight I am inclined to feel that there is an element of falsehood in this statement. I must say at this time that I have suspicions about the activities in D section of Wharton. If I had my way there would be at least four proctors to every floor but, alas and alack, this is under the jurisdiction of the M.S.G.A. and I do not feel that they put their heart into their work.

At 4 P. M. settled back to worry over the existing evils of the college and how they may be better controlled. I am firm in my belief that campus comment must be eradicated—it is subversive in its influence and besides I do not quite understand many of the items. Will have to solicit Mabel's aid on the subject and together we may be able to ferret out the hidden meanings which I am sure lie in every paragraph. Surely such a column cannot but fail to give the college a bad name since the *Phoenix* is exchanged with so many



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CLASS OF 1938

high schools. Did also ponder upon a way to get control of the HALCYON, for I cannot help but feel that great things have been accomplished by the Press Board in its first year under the administration. Many tendencies in the HALCYON should and must be suppressed. I shall take the matter up with the President. And so home for supper.

Did happen to take a stroll around the campus this evening and was quite unnerved to notice so many couples taking advantage of the comparative seclusion afforded by the darkness and the shrubbery. I feel it my duty to note here that the ultimate purpose of co-education can never be attained through such acti-

vities. In pure theory the major objective of co-education is invigorating intellectual stimulus and were this fundamental concept fully understood by the student body I am convinced that there would be as many couples conversing in the manager's parlors as frequenting the divers shrubberies. However, I reluctantly confess a preponderance of the latter activity, the causes of which I have been attempting to eradicate. Will ponder further upon this dilemma. And so to bed.

P. S.—written in bed—am worried about the fact that the baseball team beat Penn—must declare the whole infield ineligible.

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- ROBERTSON, JEAN, '36.....*History*
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- SCOLL, EMANUEL, '38.....*Economics*
2206 Whittier Avenue, Baltimore, Md.
- SCOTT, WILLIAM TAUSSIG, '37.....*Physics*
46 Union Street, Pleasantville, N. Y.
- SCULL, DAVID HUTCHINSON, '36.....*Philosophy*
45 Flower Avenue, Takoma Park, Md.
- SELLIGMAN, JOSEPH, '37.....*Psychology*
1415 Willow Avenue, Louisville, Ky.
- SEYBOLD, JOHN WARREN, '36.....*Economics*
Mountain Lakes, N. J.
- SHAFFER, FREDERICK METTAM, '38.....
2705 Chelsea Terrace, Baltimore, Md.
- SHAW, BARBARA, '39.....
7 Albemarle Place, Yonkers, N. Y.
- SHEPHERD, RUSSELL MILLS, '38.....*Political Science*
215 Kathmere Road, Brookline, Pa.
- SHERO, GERTRUDE CAROLINE, '38.....
651 North Chester Road, Swarthmore, Pa.
- SHILCOCK, HELEN MAY, '36.....*English*
Cloverly and Cheltena Avenues, Jenkintown, Pa.
- SHOEMAKER, RUTH ANNA, '37.....*German*
510 Riverview Road, Swarthmore, Pa.
- SHOHL, JANE, '39.....
Mirror Lake, N. H.
- SHOTWELL, DORIS ROBERSON, '39.....*French*
1 School Plaza, Franklin, N. J.
- SHRADER, ERWIN FAIRFAX, '37.....*Physics*
518 Harper Avenue, Drexel Hill, Pa.
- SILLARS, ROBERTSON, '39.....
5 Ray Street, Schenectady, N. Y.
- SIMMER, LEONARD KEITH, '39.....*Political Science*
750 North Green Street, Ottumwa, Iowa
- SIMMONS, ERIC LESLIE, '38.....*Botany*
St. Thomas, Virgin Islands
- SINCLAIR, JOHN P., '36.....*Economics*
227 Orchard Road, Newark, Del.
- SINGISER, GEORGE WILEY, '37.....*History*
16 Stoneleigh Road, Watertown, Mass.
- SKETCHLEY, ROBERT M., Special.....
7007 Boyer Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- SLACK, JEAN CARTER, '39.....
40 Kent Road, Upper Darby, Pa.
- SMITH, CHARLES DOUGLAS, '36.....*English*
141 Henry Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- SMITH, CONSTANCE ISABELLE, '37.....*Botany*
329 North Owen Avenue, Lansdowne, Pa.
- SMITH, DONALD DAVID, '39.....
1097 E. 19th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- SMITH, EDWIN BURROWS, '38.....*Political Science*
2304 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
- SMITH, ELEANOR PANCOAST, '39.....
Lincoln, Va.
- SMITH, ELIZABETH, '36.....*English*
4805 Montrose Drive, Dallas, Texas
- SMITH, FRANKLIN RUSSELL, '37.....
325 West Avenue, Jenkintown, Pa.
- SMITH, GRACE HAMILTON, '36.....*History*
Stokes Lane, Nashville, Tenn.
- SMITH, LAURA VIRGINIA, '36.....*English*
4500 Carleview Road, Baltimore, Md.
- SMITH, MANNING AMISON, '37.....*Chemistry*
2042 Brunswick Road, East Cleveland, Ohio
- SMITH, MARTHA LOUISE, '37.....*Zoology*
19 Granger Place, Buffalo, N. Y.
- SMITH, NATHAN LEWIS, JR., '39.....*Engineering*
4500 Carleview Road, Baltimore, Md.
- SMITH, WILLIAM FRANCIS, '37.....*Engineering*
44 Santa Clara Avenue, Dayton, Ohio
- SNYDER, ALLEN GOODMAN, JR., '38.....
523 East Willow Grove Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Pa.
- SNYDER, MARIAN READER, '38.....
233 North Lansdowne Avenue, Lansdowne, Pa.
- SOLIS-COHEN, HELEN, '37.....*Political Science*
City Line and Mountain Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.
- SOLIS-COHEN, MARY, '39.....
709 Rambler Road, Elkins Park, Pa.
- SONNENSCHN, HUGO, JR., '38.....*Philosophy*
327 Egandole Road, Highland Park, Ill.
- SOUDER, ELVIN RITTENHOUSE, '39.....
36 West Walnut Street, Souderton, Pa.
- SPENCER, THOMAS FURMAN, '37.....*Economics*
187 Erie Road, Columbus, Ohio
- SPRUANCE, FRANK PALIN, JR., '37.....*Chemistry*
8201 Cedar Road, Elkins Park, Pa.
- STAAKS, WALTER, '37.....*French*
126 East 24th Street, New York, N. Y.
- STARR, DAVID HOWELL, '39.....
3301 Fifth Avenue, Beaver Falls, Pa.
- STEARNS, BARBARA, '39.....
254 Arlington Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- STEEL, HELEN RAWSON, '39.....*Mathematics*
4422 Lowell Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
- STEIN, PHILIP LOUIS, '39.....
1525 Cory Drive, Dayton, Ohio
- STEINBACH, JOSEPHINE SCHAEFFER, '38.....
71 Chestnut Street, Lewistown, Pa.
- STEINBERG, HAROLD BERTRAM, '36.....*Political Science*
5844 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- STEVENS, MARTHA MARIE, '39.....*Philosophy*
205 Oakwood Avenue, Ottumwa, Iowa
- STEVENS, WILLIAM, '37.....*English*
123 Heather Road, Upper Darby, Pa.
- STICHLER, MARGARET HELEN, '37.....
443 South 43rd Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
- STILZ, ELIZABETH BOYD, '37.....*Political Science*
5425 Julian Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.
- STONE, ANNE EXTON, '39.....
431 Berkley Road, Haverford, Pa.
- STONE, ELISE EMMA, '39.....
152 Kilburn Road, Garden City, N. Y.
- STONE, HOFFMAN, '38.....*Chemistry*
1375 Dean Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- STORM, FAITH EMILY, '38.....*English*
307 Vassar Avenue, Swarthmore, Pa.
- STORR, RICHARD JAMES, '37.....*History*
Olivet, Mich.
- STOVER, ETHEL KNORR, '36.....*English*
11 Forest Road, Wheeling, W. Va.
- STRAKA, F. GORDON, '37.....*Political Science*
1117 Stratford Avenue, Melrose Park, Pa.
- STRATTON, RUTH FERRIER, '36.....*Psychology*
133 East Oak Avenue, Moorestown, N. J.
- STREET, ROSE ELISABETH, '38.....*Mathematics*
123 North 10th Street, Olean, N. Y.
- STRONG, FREDERICK CARL, III, '39.....*Chemistry*
Box 217, Windsor, Conn.
- STROTHER, CORA MAXWELL, '36.....*English*
313 Park Avenue, Swarthmore, Pa.
- STUBBS, ELIZABETH REISLER, '38.....*English*
1240 East 40th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

- SUTTON, DOROTHY PHELPS, '38.....*History*
5601 Western Avenue, Chevy Chase, D. C.
- SWARTHE, PAUL A. M., '39.....
418 Central Park, West, New York, N. Y.
- SWIFT, ARTHUR LESSNER, '39.....*Economics*
99 Claremont Avenue, New York, N. Y.
- SWIFT, LEONARD FORDYCE, '37.....*History*
Maple Street, Hinsdale, Mass.
- TAGGART, CHARLES L., '37.....*Engineering*
524 Lincoln Way, East, Massillon, Ohio
- TAPLEY, GORDON PAUL, '38.....*Engineering*
Plymouth Meeting, Pa.
- TATMAN, ALINA ELIZABETH, '39.....*English*
240 West Montgomery Avenue, Haverford, Pa.
- TAYLOR, ELIZABETH DAWSON, '39.....*Zoology*
217 Walnut Avenue, Wayne, Pa.
- TAYLOR, THOMAS BASSETT, JR., '35.....*Economics*
11 Shoreview Road, Port Washington, N. Y.
- TAYLOR, WILLIAM D., '36.....*Engineering*
209 Yale Avenue, Swarthmore, Pa.
- THATCHER, EDWARD POWER, '39.....
613 Ogden Avenue, Swarthmore, Pa.
- THATCHER, RICHARD CASSIN, JR., '37.....*Engineering*
Lookout Mountain, Tenn.
- THOMAS, GRACE MARY, '39.....
112 West Main Street, Lock Haven, Pa.
- THOMAS, JOHN CUNNINGHAM, '39.....*Chemistry*
46 Richards Road, Port Washington, N. Y.
- THORN, STEWART, '39.....
21 Oberlin Avenue, Swarthmore, Pa.
- TILTON, MARGARET MARIA, '36.....*Fine Arts*
6201 Ventnor Avenue, Ventnor, N. J.
- TIMMIS, NORA H. MARGARET, '37.....*English*
202 Midland Avenue, Wayne, Pa.
- TODD, DAVID, '38.....*Chemistry*
1700 T Street, Washington, D. C.
- TODD, GUERIN, JR., '38.....*English*
8 Garden Road, Red Bank, N. J.
- TOMPKINS, JEAN ANNABEL, '38.....
P. O. Box 660, Istanbul, Turkey
- TRACY, ANNE ALEXANDER, '38.....*English*
1430 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Ill.
- TRIMBLE, ANN, '38.....*Zoology*
808 Southeast Riverside Drive, Evansville, Ind.
- TRIMBLE, MARGARET, '39.....
808 Southeast Riverside Drive, Evansville, Ind.
- TROEGER, ERNEST ROBERT, '38.....*English*
184 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- TURNER, ROBERT CHAPMAN, '36.....*Economics*
28 Monroe Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- UNDERDOWN, MARJORY, '39.....*Latin*
Ilhan Road, Rosemont, Pa.
- UNDERHILL, SARAH GILPIN, '39.....
Box 24, Moylan, Pa.
- VANERUNT, ANN BRADLEE, '37.....*Political Science*
1436 Lowell Road, Schenectady, N. Y.
- VANDEUSEN, MARJORIE W., '38.....*Political Science*
10016 198th Street, Hollis, N. Y.
- VALENTINE, BRUCE ROBERTS, '39.....*Zoology*
8345 Lefferts Boulevard, Kew Gardens, N. Y.
- VALENTINE, GEORGE, '38.....*Engineering*
8345 Lefferts Boulevard, Kew Gardens, N. Y.
- VAUGHN, JANET CORRALL, '38.....
Ponus Avenue, Norwalk, Conn.
- VAWTER, VIRGINIA HADLEY, '38.....*French*
Benton Harbor, Mich.
- VELTFORT, THEODORE ERNEST, JR., '37.....*Physics*
39 Cambridge Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.
- VIEHOVER, ARNOLD JOSEPH, '38.....*Engineering*
210 Rutgers Avenue, Swarthmore, Pa.
- VILA, JOSEPH LAZARUS, '39.....*Chemistry*
1300 East 13th Street, Eddystone, Pa.
- VOSKUIL, MARGARET HELEN, '39.....
73 Edgemont Road, Upper Montclair, N. J.
- WALKER, BETTY, '39.....
1602 South Detroit Street, Tulsa, Okla.
- WALKER, ROBERT BELL, '39.....*Engineering*
Westtown School, Westtown, Pa.
- WALTHALL, MARTIN BACON, '38.....*Mathematics*
Athens, Tenn.
- WARD, MARJORIE ELIZABETH, '38.....
20 Canterbury Road, Ben Avon Heights, Pa.
- WARNER, RICHARD DIXON, '39.....*Engineering*
54 Linden Boulevard, Brooklyn, N. Y.
- WARREN, ANNE BAKER, '38.....*English*
517 Walnut Lane, Swarthmore, Pa.
- WARRINGTON, JOHN BURWELL, '39.....*Engineering*
640 East Broad Street, Tamaqua, Pa.
- WATERMAN, MINA, '37.....*French*
240 South Goodman Street, Rochester, N. Y.
- WATKINS, LOUISE COATES, '36.....*Economics*
2726 Belvoir Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio
- WATSON, ELIZABETH DISSOWAY, '38.....*Psychology*
491 Mt. Hope Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.
- WATSON, GRETCHEN LOUISE, '38.....
79 Monterey Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
- WAY, ELIZABETH LINVILL, '38.....*Psychology*
63 West Drexel Avenue, Lansdowne, Pa.
- WEAVER, CHARLOTTE JAN, '38.....
18128 West Clifton Road, Lakewood, Ohio
- WEAVER, GERTRUDE S., '38.....
501 Kerlin Street, Chester, Pa.
- WEEKS, FRANCIS WILLIAM, '37.....*English*
11 Hawthorne Place, East Orange, N. J.
- WEISS, BARBARA ELIZABETH, '37.....*English*
120 Ely Place, Madison, Wis.
- WELCH, THOMAS HARRIS, '38.....*Chemistry*
Westfield, N. Y.
- WELTMER, JEAN THOMPSON, '38.....*Botany*
145 North Highland Avenue, Springfield, Pa.
- WETZEL, BARBARA, '38.....*English*
Homestead Road, Strafford, Pa.
- WHITCRAFT, ANN ELIZABETH, '37.....*Political Science*
409 South Church Street, West Chester, Pa.
- WHITE, GARY, '39.....*Chemistry*
301 College Avenue, Swarthmore, Pa.
- WHITE, KATHARINE MORTON, '37.....*Botany*
70 Tillotson Road, Fanwood, N. J.
- WHITE, MARY ELMA, '36.....*Economics*
120 Hildale Road, Lansdowne, Pa.
- WHITE, MURIEL BARNETT, '37.....*French*
113 Essex Avenue, Narberth, Pa.
- WHITFORD, MARY LYDIA, '39.....
150-14 87th Avenue, Jamaica, N. Y.
- WHITMAN, EMILY, '37.....*Political Science*
39 Hurlbut Street, Cambridge, Mass.
- WHYTE, WILLIAM FOOTE, '36.....*Economics*
36 Pondfield Road, West, Bronxville, N. Y.
- WICKENHAVER, SIDNEY LAMONT, '37.....*Political Science*
327 North 24th Street, Camp Hill, Pa.
- WIEST, FRED J., '37.....*Economics*
Minersville, Pa.
- WILDE, ISABEL LOUISE, '37.....*English*
628 River Road, Beaver, Pa.
- WILLITS, FLORENCE ELIZABETH, '38.....
102 Duck Pond Road, Glen Cove, N. Y.
- WILLITS, JUDITH ABBOTT, '38.....*Botany*
30 Chestnut Street, Haddonfield, N. J.
- WILSON, JAMES MORRISON, JR., '39.....
501 Puritan Apartments, Louisville, Ky.

WILSON, JANET DOROTHY, '39.....
 309 Wellington Road, Jenkintown, Pa.
 WING, DEBORAH OSBOURN, '38.....*English*
 15 Magnolia Avenue, Newton, Mass.
 WINSTON, JOSEPH, '38.....
 115 Greenridge Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.
 WOLF, ROBERT, '39.....*Chemistry*
 47 Sunshine Road, Upper Darby, Pa.
 WOLFE, SAMUEL, '39.....*Engineering*
 3420 Porter Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
 WOOD, CAROLYN MIDDLETON, '37.....*History*
 104 Chester Pike, Ridley Park, Pa.
 WOOD, CYRUS FOSS, '37.....*Engineering*
 329 Hathaway Lane, Wynnewood, Pa.
 WOOD, JOHN HENRY, JR., '37.....*Economics*
 Station Avenue, Langhorne, Pa.
 WOOD, MARGARET PASSMORE, '39.....*English*
 104 Chester Pike, Ridley Park, Pa.
 WOOD, WILLIAM P., '36.....*Economics*
 104 Chester Pike, Ridley Park, Pa.
 WOOLLCOTT, JOAN, '39.....
 Eden Terrace, Catonsville, Md.

WORTH, EDWARD HALLOWELL, JR., '39.....
 Claymont, Del.
 WRAY, RICHARD BOWMAN, '38.....*Economics*
 540 Walnut Lane, Swarthmore, Pa.
 WRIGHT, JOHN FISHER, '39.....*History*
 4 Whittier Place, Swarthmore, Pa.
 WRIGHT, LOIS LAURA, '38.....
 Parkside Apts., Hanover, N. H.
 WUNDERLE, HORACE GODFREY, JR., '39.....*Economics*
 Rydal, Pa.
 YARD, FLORENCE HICKCOX, '39.....*English*
 630 Sheridan Road, Chicago, Ill.
 YERKES, CAROLYN MARGARET, '37.....
 985 Vine Street, Winnetka, Ill.
 YOUNG, DREW MacKENZIE, '37.....*English*
 324 West Avenue, Jenkintown, Pa.
 ZANE, HELEN THERESE, '39.....
 1004 Cornell Avenue, Drexel Hill, Pa.
 ZIGROSSER, CAROLA, '38.....*Psychology*
 4 Liberty Street, Ossining, N. Y.
 ZINNER, JAMES SHANDOR, '39.....
 723 Greenwood Avenue, Glencoe, Ill.

